

No. angl 273^h - 2

Pandurang Hari

<36637023760012

<36637023760012

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

PANDURANG HARÏ.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. W. B. WHITTAKER,

17, MARK LANE.

1826.

PANDURANG HARI

THE

PANDURANG HARÌ,

OR

MEMOIRS

OF

A HINDOO.

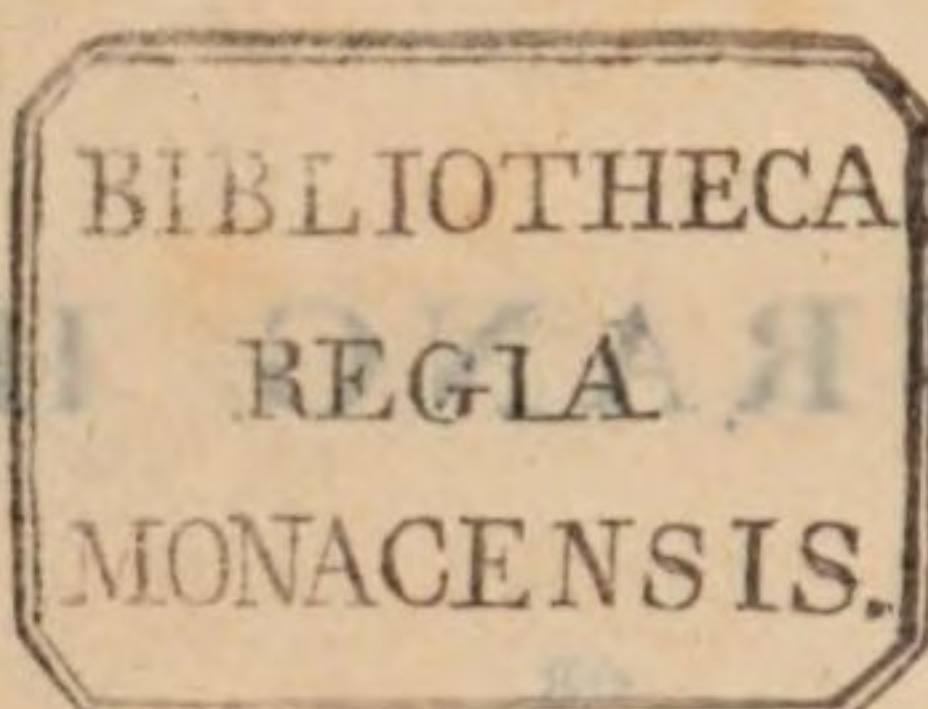
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GEO. B. WHITTAKER,
AVE-MARIA LANE.

1826.



MEMOIRS
OF
A HINDOO

IN THREE VOLUMES
VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

AVE-MARIA LANE.

1821

PANDURANG HARÌ.

CHAP. I.

6 THE next evening, being all seated together, as before, the first Pindaree continued his story, as follows:—"As soon as the battle was over, I hastened to the camp, and from thence to the tree where Govindah hung, and removed the body. Having no assistant, and being too lazy to dig a proper grave for it, I threw it into a deep pit or hollow, covering it over with stones and rubbish. To conceal the corpse effectually, however, I found it necessary to descend into the pit myself; and I com-

pleted the operation and was about to ascend, when I saw a woman turn the corner of a rock that hung over the hollow. I had committed no murder, but to be seen employed in such an affair filled me with terror; so that my whole frame shook violently, and rendered all my efforts abortive for reaching the upper earth again. I was paralyzed with unknown fear, and my limbs refused to perform their accustomed offices. By great exertion, and using every mental and bodily energy I could summon to aid me in the task, I climbed about half way up the rugged sides of the pit, and made sure of reaching the top; when, happening to look up, I again saw the tall female figure I had before observed: she was bending over the brink. I averted my eyes, and, having a tolerable footing, kept

my position. I ventured to look again, and her form was gone. I now gathered courage, and was getting towards the brink slowly but steadily, when the haggard visage of the woman again met my gaze. Her eyes were fixed sternly and fiercely upon me. I continued to hold fast by the stump of a tree, growing from the almost perpendicular side of the hollow, for a moment or two. At once my knees began to shake under me, my hands relaxed from their hold, and down I fell to the bottom of the pit, upon the dead body of Govindah, which I had deposited directly under the place where I attempted to climb up. The covering of rubbish I had laid upon it was but scanty; and the body served to break the violence of my fall. I did not escape, however, unhurt, having sprained

my right ankle violently and received several slight bruises. Evening approached, and I still lay helpless in the pit. A thousand times I cursed my folly in again going near the hateful body of Govindah. Had I but buried it, in obedience to the wishes of Pandurang Hàrì, all would have been well. My approaching it the second time must have arisen from the fiend conscience, gnawing my heart and telling me I was indirectly a murderer! I felt this was the cause that actuated me in concealing the body; and thus the step I took to evade detection might end in being the means that should discover me. As I lay, or rather sat (for I had raised myself up a little), I fancied I saw the flash of a lamp on the opposite side of the pit, but how it could come there I was at a loss to discover. Now it flashed

upon my sight, and then disappeared, leaving all around as black as night. I never shall forget the horrors of that infernal den !

“ The light now appeared again, and I could distinguish a tall figure, muffled up in a dark dress, approaching with that solemnity of step which indicates energy and power. The figure now came close, and I could distinguish that the light was borne by the tall woman whose appalling countenance had so struck me when it looked down upon me in the pit. I felt cold water run through all my veins again at the sight of her ; I was as lifeless, as bereft of power, as the corpse on which I was seated. My joints seemed dropping asunder with fear ; and a blow, like that of a strong man's hand, struck upon my heart,

when a deep hoarse voice said, 'Rise, accursed murderer! rise, I say, or dread my vengeance!' Had terror not paralyzed me before, the authoritative tone of this command must have done so. I attempted to obey, but fell back again: my sprained ankle rendered the effort fruitless. The woman, seeing this, grasped my wrist with the strength of a giant, and pulled me upon my feet. She bade me follow her, and I hobbled on a few yards, until we came to a strong wooden door, not three feet high, through which she crept, and ordered me to enter after her. I obeyed, for I had no resource but to obey. She led the way to a miserable and damp cell; and, pointing to a mat in one corner, bade me sit upon it. She then placed herself opposite me, and, after a short pause, ad-

dressed me thus:—‘What punishment is due to remorseless murderers? What should I not do to the villain who has robbed me of a son?’ Here she fell into a paroxysm of rage that relieved itself in tears. ‘Govindah, whom you, miscreant as you are, have murdered, was my son—my only tie to this vile life—the being for whom I dragged on a miserable existence, which the sight of him alone made tolerable to me. Thou hast basely slain him, and dreadful shall be the vengeance which I will inflict upon thee for this crime. Here, on this earth, I swear’——‘Stay!’ I cried; ‘I conjure thee, stay, and hear me! I am not thy son’s murderer!’ Speech, that had been taken from me by fear, now seemed restored by the dread of encountering something more terrible than I had ever yet done. I

prayed her to hear my story before she imprecated the vengeance of hell upon me; and, as she made no attempt to deny my request, I related to her how I came to appear under such suspicious circumstances, asserting that I told her only the truth. I went into my whole history, as I did here yesterday evening, and swore by the holy cow I had kept back nothing from her.

“When I had concluded, she remained some time silent, musing and muttering something unintelligible to my ears. At length she said, ‘Boy, I will be satisfied—it must be so! yet, Heaven forbid!—bare thy left arm!’ I did as she commanded me. Taking up the lamp and examining my arm closely, she fell to the earth with a frightful shriek. I crawled

towards her, and proffered assistance which I had no power to give; when she arose, crying, “Who can war with fate?—the witch’s words are verified! I have fostered a viper, and it has stung me!’ I requested her to explain herself, and excused my own conduct as to having willingly injured her. After some further time spent in lamentation and weeping, she said, ‘There was a time, young man, when I loved you as my own dear son, who now lies cold on the outside of this cave: but for him you would never have lived to be the cause of the death of your preserver. This was predicted before you were two days under my care.’—‘My preserver!—Govindah my preserver!’ I exclaimed. ‘You were abandoned, young man, by those who stole you from your

friends—you were put into a basket, and sent afloat in the wide river; your father had scarcely overcome the loss of your mother, who died in bringing you into the world, when he was again thrown into affliction by the news of his child having been stolen—we found you, and he whom you have destroyed rescued you from the waves; he plunged into the river, and bore you to the shore—thus, at the risk of his own life, preserving yours. I caressed you, and gave you food and raiment. My son Govindah, on entering the city the following day, made his discovery of you public, or rather of finding a male child floating on the surface of the stream. Your father heard the report, and had an interview with my son, who conducted him to my cottage; and he brought with him

persons who identified you, and claimed you as his child. I had become so foolishly fond of you, that I begged, with tears in my eyes, as you had lost your mother, that I might be allowed to supply her place. Your father consented, and left you under my care for a year; at the expiration of which, he intimated his intention of calling for you. He then departed, after liberally rewarding both me and my son. A few days after, Govindah set out in quest of employment; and, being an excellent writer, entertained sanguine hopes of succeeding in the Mahratta durbar. The day preceding his departure, as we were sitting at our door enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze, Govindah smoking and I employed in nursing you, an old woman came and begged alms. I gave her a few pice,

and, in return, she blessed me; but prophesied, that the infant in my arms should one day cause me unutterable grief, and prove the destruction of my son. I ridiculed the prophesy, when she repeated, ‘You foster a serpent in your bosom, who will return your kindness with his venomous sting!’ I begged to know how I should avoid the evil, when the old woman told me to give her the child, and she would deliver it to its father. I now suspected the witch was an emissary of your father’s enemy; and, refusing her offer, I bade her depart. She did as I commanded, and went away muttering, ‘You foster a serpent!—you foster a serpent!’ How true she spoke! That serpent is now before me; he has destroyed his deliverer with his venom—he has stung his benefactor—he has made childless her

who nursed his orphan years—he has made the widow desolate ! O, Govindah, my son ! here is thy murderer !’

“ The woman then gave way to a violent paroxysm of grief, while I sat the image of amazement and regret. After a little time had elapsed, she again resumed her story. She said, that at the end of a year my father called to take me away, and she never saw me again after that time; that, from the circumstances I had narrated to her, her suspicions were confirmed that I was the infant that she fostered. On examining my arm, she knew me by an indelible mark I bore upon it, and her suspicions were confirmed. She told me, moreover, how she discovered her son. Many years had elapsed before she saw him after his departure from the cottage

on the banks of the river, where he found me. When she first saw him, it was but for a short time, he having succeeded in getting employment, being made chief carcoon to Sawunt Rao Gopal Rao, who was about to take the field. 'He brought to me,' said the woman, 'two thousand rupees to keep for him, and five hundred for myself; he then departed again. The next time I saw him he was a prisoner, confined unjustly, and a fine of four thousand rupees was set upon him. I gave up the two thousand he left with me, as much of my own as I could spare, and some of our relations made up the rest. With what joy did I take the money to his prison, and how my heart rejoiced at the hope of beholding him on the following day at liberty! Alas! I was doomed never to

behold him again alive ! a report reached me that he had absconded. I have no doubt of his having bribed his guards, and that he was proceeding to me, in this my concealed habitation, to restore me my money. On this journey it was that he was surrounded, as you inform me, by the rapacious soldiery, and executed as a spy. I wandered about when I heard of his escape, hoping to meet him ; but what was my horror on seeing him lifeless ! At the very time the armies were engaged, he was suspended from a mango-tree. I had scarcely recognized him, when I fell to the ground in an agony of grief. Mine was a mother's sorrow—there is none that cuts so deep. A thirst of revenge mingled with my grief : I vowed, if I discovered the author of his shameful death, to visit him

with a parent's vengeance. It struck me, that those who hanged my son might again visit the spot where his body was suspended. I kept watch, not far off, behind the rock which overhangs the pit, and commands a view of the fatal tree. I saw you cut down the body—but I need tell you nothing more—you will not easily forget it. I can only say, my determination was to keep you at the bottom of the pit until I could get you apprehended, being certain, from your last fall, you could not escape. I descended to the bottom by a passage known only to myself, and thus we met—may we never meet again! Go, and let the reflection that you destroyed the life of him who preserved your's, be your punishment, and embitter your days in this world! Go, and let the great *Dum*

dispose of you as he sees fit, when your lot is cast to die !' I was overpowered by the awful manner in which she spoke. I never heard her speak again. She arose, and, beckoning with her finger, I obeyed as well as I was able. She led me up a narrow stone staircase, between two rocks, which brought us to the surface of the pit. She waved her hand to me to go away : I fell at her feet and embraced them, expressing the anguish I suffered for having caused her so much misery. She again waved her hand for me to depart. After I had gone but a little distance, I turned round and looked—but the woman and the light were no longer to be seen.

“The night was dark and gloomy. Lame, forlorn, and unhappy, I walked or crippled along, I knew not whither, until the morn-

ing broke, when I was surrounded by a party of horsemen, who forced me to accompany them. These, it will be readily conjectured, were the Pindarees with whom we now are. I soon after embraced their mode of life, and have remained with them three years. Now, my friends, it strikes me, you will agree that it is impossible any one can have been rendered more unhappy than myself, in struggling for subsistence through this world of misery."

Here my old inkstand-bearer concluded, and we all agreed fortune had dealt hardly with him. The other two Pindarees, although they were of the same opinion, yet declared he had far less reason to complain than themselves. It was proposed, on the following night the second Pin-

daree should relate his story. This being settled, we stretched ourselves on our respective mats, and were quickly lost in a profound slumber.

CHAP. II.

THE second Pindaree began his story on the following evening as follows:—"My name is Fuzl Khan, and I am a true Musselman. I was born at Broach in Guzerat. My father was a Shiekul-ghur, or sword-grinder: my mother earned her pence by selling in the open street the most dainty *kabobs** in the town. These luxuries were retailed hot to passengers and afternoon loungers, and so excellently did the good woman roast and fry them, that several Musselmen of consideration would stop at her stall, and partake of her exquisite morsels. At the time I mention, Broach be-

* Pieces of roasted meat.

longed to Scindea; at present, as you know, it is in the possession of the English; and I understand kabobs are just as much in fashion there now as ever. In my early years I shewed a disposition, or rather a talent, for stealing and deceiving, really wonderful for my age. Few excelled me in a stratagem for outwitting others, among youth of my own standing—but you will say that was not wonderful, considering I was the son of a sharpner, or sharper, to come nearer to the point. My father was occupied all day in grinding, and my mother in frying; they had not much time, therefore, to look after me. I generally passed my hours in idleness, wallowing in the dust in fine weather, and playing with the mud during the monsoon. In such a city as Broach I did not want companions in my dirty amusements,

and I was particularly fond of the society of a dozen young Mahomedans as idle as myself. I shall pass over my first years, and proceed with my history from the time when I was fifteen, about which period of my life I contracted a fondness for gambling. So eager was I in the pursuit of my favourite propensity, that I stuck at no means of raising funds to enable me to indulge in my love of it. My father seldom interfered with me in my childhood; instead of chastising me as I deserved, he did nothing to check my idle propensities, and would enjoy any sly trick of mine which came to his knowledge. Sometimes, to be sure, if I offended him, he threatened to cut off my head; and as he was every hour of the day armed with an instrument well calculated for the purpose, I trembled for my safety

upon such occasions, and kept out of his way.

“ My mother was more indulgent to me than my father, and from helping her at twelve years of age in her daily avocation of cooking kabobs, I contracted an attachment to the culinary profession, in preference to the more dignified business of my father. The latter was extremely angry at my giving the frying-pan a preference to the grinding-stone, and tried every mode to obliterate my attachment for so degrading a business. He called it a ‘ beastly occupation to live by roasting and rolling in grease, fit only for old women.’ My mother on these occasions would retaliate, by abusing the mystery of the grinding-stone; and these disputes, begun in jest, frequently ended in earnest. Volleys of abuse were let loose,

and whenever exhausted nature afforded a momentary pause, though this seldom happened until they had mutually come to a stand-still for lack of fresh epithets of vituperation, my father generally broke silence first, saying:—"It does not signify talking, Fuzl Khan shall grind." "He shall not grind," my mother would reply; "he shall fry." Then the storm would rage, till the words "grind," "fry"—"grind," "fry"—were alone distinguishable; but I found that my mother had invariably the last word. Perhaps this led me to believe that she was always right, and my father always wrong—for the last word she always would have if life depended upon it; and as long as my poor father said "grind," "fry" was sure to come after—the first growled out, and the last muttered to avoid a concord of

sounds. Thus, between grinding and frying, I led a very uncomfortable life, and often meditated a trip to Surat, and a disappointment to both my father and mother. My old companions, however, dissuaded me; and for the sake of peace, I endeavoured to please both my parents—by grinding at times for the one, and frying a little for the other. Every pice I could raise I now staked at *puchees*,* *eki beki*,† and other games. This course of life, besides taking my money, led me into serious quarrels with my companions. A youth named Buxoo Bhæ invariably won my money, and I began at length to entertain suspicions of his unfair dealings with me. One day he fleeced me of every pice I could raise, and I proposed one game more of *eki beki*,

* A sort of chess.

† Odd and even.

in the vain hope of regaining my money. He assented, and we began to play. I was soon more and more a loser, and he insisted upon my giving him a small and favourite gold ring which I always wore, as a pledge for the debt. I threw it to him, and went away in no very enviable state of mind. It so happened that, when I reached home, my father ordered me to turn his grinding-lathe for an hour or two; I consented with a very ill grace. After the first hour my father was called away, and desired me during his absence to polish the sword he had just sharpened: it was a long Mah-ratta double-edged weapon, and consequently required double labour. In my then ill-humour, I polished away at a great rate, wishing to get through my job as soon as I could, and also to work off the re-

membrance of my ill-luck and the avarice of my antagonist. My father's grinding-shop was situated in an obscure alley, where few people were to be seen after sunset. This evening, unfortunately, just as I had finished one edge of the sword, I looked up and saw the greedy Buxoo, who, in a triumphant manner passing by, held up to my view the ring I had lost, and gave a smile of exultation as it caught my eye. This was more than I could bear; I rushed out of the shop with the two-edged sword in my hand, and cut at him with it. The blow fell over his shoulder; down he dropped, and away I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, leaving the sword behind me. I took refuge in my mother's kabob-shop, dreading the result of my furious conduct. My mother was not within, but I soon saw

her return laden with sheep's heads, tails, livers and trotters. 'Hey-day, son,' said she, 'what brings you here? I thought you were at the grinding-shop?' 'O mother!' cried I, 'confound the grinding-shop, and all that belongs to it. I have brought myself into trouble. Would to Allah I had never touched a sword!' 'What now—what now?' said my mother. 'I have only killed a young man with the sword I was grinding, as he passed by the shop.' I then told her the whole tale, and of my loss at eki beki. The good woman loaded Buxoo with abuse, and did not seem to think I was much to blame. Whilst we were talking over the matter, some of the durbar police entered the cook-shop, and seized me without asking a single question. A crowd surrounded the door in-

stantly, and thus was I led in captivity to the *chowkee* or lock-up house: my mother went weeping and wailing behind me.

“In the *chowkee* I passed the night, and in the morning was led before the chief magistrate of the city. Buxoo, with his arm in a sling, stood ready to bear witness to the assault made upon him; he stated the truth with a little exaggerated colouring. The *cazee** was present, and bore his part in the consultation and proceedings. The chief magistrate was inclined to propose a fine only upon me; but *Cazee Shana, badeen*, who never lost an opportunity of displaying his consequence, insisted on the propriety of applying the rattan, to which I was accordingly sentenced to the tune of two dozen stripes. The fine was thirty rupees,

* A Mahomedan official.

which my father and mother between them paid for me; but no intreaties could prevail on the magistrates to remit the rattan. Fortunately, I had not hurt Buxoo so much as I had expected; probably in my hurry I turned the sword, so that the flat part, or at all events the blunted edge, only fell upon him: had I struck him with the edge which had been just set in order, I must have cut into the bone. All this was said after the manner of prosing judges from the bench, and mingled with admonitions to curb my passion for the future.

“The rattan was duly applied, and I roared with pain; in addition to which my ears were assailed between every stroke with the piercing shrieks of my mother. The two dozen being unmercifully laid on, I was suffered to go home. My mother rubbed

my back over with mutton fat, oil, ghee, and other greasy substances, and then put me to bed, where the agony I endured for a long time prevented the possibility of sleep. Time, the great healer of sorrow and sore backs, at length conducted me again into the kabob-shop. My mother employed me to go to the butchers' shops to buy sheep-heads and other materials for her business, and furnished me with money for the purpose. I was one day, I remember, to bring six sheep-tails to make soup with: I met some of my old companions, who persuaded me to have a game of eki beki, and I lost very quickly all the money which I was to have laid out in sheep-tails. In great perplexity how to account to my mother for the loss of the cash, I met Hoossein Bhaee, a very particular friend. He

advised me to get some dog-tails, as they were plenty enough, and to boil them up. He added, I might be sure the difference would not be found out by the greatest glutton in Broach. I hesitated at first, but there was no remedy for it, and begged him to help me: he very willingly lent me his assistance. Taking some meat with us, therefore, we enticed away into an obscure place several of these unlucky quadrupeds, and sliced off the tails of six of the best fed and most plump among them. Home I went, scalded off the hair, and popped them into the pot. I had scarcely done this when my mother came into the cook-room, and chid me for my long tarrying. I assured her I had made all the haste I could, and that the tails were actually in the pot: she commended my zeal, and seemed pleased

at the skill I had shewn in manufacturing the soup. At the usual hour in the evening the loungers began to call for their basins of soup, which I served out to them with great solemnity;—not one discovered any difference; they paid their money and departed. Finding I succeeded so well, I determined to pocket the money in future, and substitute dog instead of sheep-tails.

“ In a day or two after the foregoing affair, I was again sent to the butchers' shops to buy some odd bits to roll up into kabobs, as well as more tails for soup. I again consulted with Hoosseïn Bhaee, who once more advised me, not however to slice off the tails of the unfortunate dogs, but to buy real sheep-tails this time, as by so many dogs losing their tails we might be discovered, and to kill a puppy two-thirds

grown for the kabobs. I followed his advice strictly, spent half the money given me in sheep-tails, and returning to the cook-shop, rolled up the puppy-flesh in ghee and threw it into the pan: and then made the soup all in such good time that my poor mother, over and over again, commended my diligence. The customers dropped in as usual; and among them, my late friend the magistrate, who got me rattaned. He called for kabobs, and I was in a panic lest he should discover the trick. He devoured them, however, heartily, paid handsomely for what he ate, and went away perfectly satisfied. It was a gratifying sight to me to see the old fellow's jaws working at the dogs' kabobs, and the grease from them running down his beard upon his magisterial garment. This fun and its profits were too

good to last long. One day I applied to my friend Hoosseïn to get me more dog's-flesh, and begged him to be very speedy. He surprised me by the rapid fulfilment of my commission. I took the flesh, rolled it up in balls, and fried it, according to custom. The Musselmen called as usual for kabobs; but, on tasting them, spit them out again, and declared they were poisoned: some vomited, and others called for water. In the midst of the hubbub I sneaked off to Hoosseïn, leaving my mother to account in the best way she could for the nauseous taste of her kabobs. Hoosseïn said, that our friends, the true believers, were so fond of grease and oil that he thought any thing rolled up in it would go down; and not having time and opportunity to kill a dog, he conceived that a few slices from one

already dead, near by where he lived, would do as well. I told him he had ruined me, for if the cazee should hear that he had been fed upon dogs' kabobs, he would have no mercy upon us.

“By this time it had got rumoured through the city that our kabobs were made of dogs' flesh. I crept into a large jar, used for keeping grain, which was placed at the back of Hoossein's house, during the hubbub. Several persons, quite infuriated, had come to search for the villain who had given them dogs' flesh for that of sheep, and I plainly overheard their conversation. One said the cazee was seized with violent vomitings the instant he heard of the imposition, although he ate his share the preceding day and enjoyed it highly. This I deemed a good joke. The police, I heard, were in search of me:

Hoossein declared he knew not where I was, and appeared as anxious as the rest to discover me. Then I heard several persons complaining that their dogs had lost their tails most mysteriously, and they had no doubt how they were gone; that it was evident the deception was systematic, and had been long continued. The worst thing I heard was, that my mother had been confined; upon this, I determined to deliver myself up, but would not yet leave my hiding-place, lest Hoossein should be implicated for concealing me.

“As soon as the crowd had dispersed from opposite Hoossein’s door, I emerged from the friendly jar, and thanked my old acquaintance for the protection he had afforded me. I stated to him my determination to surrender myself to save my mother. He

lamented my hard fate; but advised me to conceal myself a little longer in a shed opposite his house, while he went to make inquiry how matters stood. 'Possibly,' said he, 'your mother may not be confined at all, and is even now at liberty. Do not be too rash, and throw away a chance when you may yet escape.' I applauded his caution, and concealed myself in the shed. I had not been there more than an hour, when the durbar police made their appearance, and dragged me from my hiding-place. Hoosseïn stood outside with a face expressing great concern, though I afterwards learned that this hypocritical friend had betrayed me, for the sake of the reward offered for my apprehension. Had I known this, I should not have hesitated to implicate him as an accomplice in the act, for

I then easily guessed why he recommended me to seek a shelter in the shed, instead of under his own roof. I was now hurried to the durbar;* and, to my astonishment, found my mother at liberty, and spoke to her, by which I learned that she had never been involved at all. I told her why I did not abscond—that it was entirely on her account, and on my hearing she was imprisoned. She caressed me for my kind consideration towards her, and bade me be of good cheer—that I should not be very heavily punished. I must acknowledge that the thought of another two dozen rattans raised no very pleasant sensations in my mind. Being summoned to the court, I perceived the cazee in the plenitude of his power, talking very seriously to Scindea's soobahdar, a

* Court-house.

Brahmin of consequence and chief of the city. He appeared both disgusted and amused with the cazee's serious deportment on the occasion, and could not refrain from smiling as the recollection of how the dirty Mahomedans had been duped crossed his mind. The charge was read against me, and I confessed the crime: the soobahdar, and all his Brahmin and Hindoo associates in the durbar, enjoyed a hearty laugh at the account I gave of the transaction; whilst the cazee and the Mahomedans were mortified to the quick, and deeply repented having given publicity to the affair. At length the soobahdar said, 'Fuzl Khan, this is the second time you have been brought before this durbar. It appears you have indulged in gaming, from your own account; and for that I shall punish you. In respect

to your soups and kabobs, if people will eat such beastly fare, I cannot but think they are well served. The present case should be a lesson to them in future to be less eager to swallow all that comes in their way, and make them a little nicer in the examination of what they eat. It is still my duty to prevent your frying any more kabobs in this city; and your sentence is, that you be imprisoned one month, and then expelled from Broach; and severe shall be your punishment if you are ever caught within the city walls again.' I bowed to the ground, and was conducted to prison—well pleased at my back's escaping the rattan, and happy at not being fined. My mother visited me in prison, as did my father, who failed not to hint to her that he knew what would be the end of my frying. 'Peace, peace,'

said my mother, who, as usual, would have the last word, ‘I knew what would be the end of grinding; for remember, but for that detestable occupation, Fuzl Khan would not have been punished the first time.’ My father could not reply to this home-thrust at his reasoning, and he sheltered himself in silence from the pending storm.

CHAP. III.

“THE term of my imprisonment having expired, I was led out of the city, accompanied by my mother, who, as her trade had been ruined, determined to quit the place, taking me with her. We followed the road to Surat; and as we trudged along, she gave me a severe lecture for my dissolute manner of life, blaming my father for every bad action of which I had been guilty. I now first learned through her the duplicity of Hoosseïn. She abused him in the strongest language when I told her he was the person who had sliced off the dogs’ tails, and had first initiated me into the trick. ‘Aye,’ said she, ‘that dead dog

was the ruin of us; good fresh dog-flesh, for all I know, might have passed for ever.'

"My mother had provided a bullock to carry all she was worth in the world. This animal was grotesquely laden with frying-pans, kettles, pots, and baskets. A sheep's-head and trotters hung dangling at the tail of all. My mother bought the latter to save money on the road; or, as she said, 'to secure a cheap supper at Kim Chow-key,' the half-way house between Broach and Surat. Nothing worth mentioning happened on our journey, and we reached Surat in safety. This town belonged to the English, and every thing there was conducted with the utmost regularity. Walking one day in the street, a man very civilly asked me to carry a basket, which he had in his

hand, to the durbar, to be given to the English judge. He gave me half a rupee for my trouble; and being thus paid beforehand, I set off briskly. On my way I felt very curious to discover what the basket, which was of an extraordinary shape, contained. I accordingly took it home; and, entering a room at the top of the house, took off the cover. How was I terror-struck at beholding the head of a man covered with blood! I trembled to think what an escape I had met with: if I had presented the basket I should have been in all probability hanged, as no one would have credited my receiving it in the street. To keep it a moment in our own house was dangerous, and I consulted my mother as to what had best be done with it. She replied, ‘any thing but to make kabobs of it,

you young rascal !' I assured her I had no such inclination ; that my last experiment in that line was amply sufficient for me. She then advised me to roll the head down the staircase of the next house, which was terraced as well as our own ; and then the owners of that house, who might be more ingenious than we were, would perhaps be able to give a better account of it. These people were Jews, and lived by usury ; they were consequently disliked by most of the inhabitants around. My mother's advice, whether given in jest or earnest, seemed to me the best which I could follow under present circumstances ; and therefore, at night, when I was pretty certain there were none of the tenants in the upper apartments, I climbed over a low party-wall, and very deliberately rolled the head down the

staircase, having carefully repacked it in the basket. This being done, I went out for a ramble, leaving my mother at home. All was quiet in the Jew's house when I went out; but, on my return, I found a crowd around the door, and the foujdar, or native master of police, with all his train, was approaching in the full plenitude of his self-sufficient authority. The poor Jew was naturally in great terror and alarm: his family were in tears; and, in spite of their protestations and supplications, he was arrested and borne away. The head, too, was taken to its original place of destination—to the judge of the durbar. Inquiries were now set on foot every where, and rewards offered to any who would throw light upon the mystery that hung around the affair, for it was acknowledged that

mystery enveloped it. The Jew was very naturally believed innocent: it was not probable, if he had committed a murder, he would suffer so easy a discovery of it to be made; and then, where was the body?

“It happened that, on casting my eyes over the crowd, I saw in the midst of it the very individual who had first put the head into my hands. He was an Abyssinian by birth, and of gigantic stature. I was so curious to know the history of the head, that I determined to inquire the particulars from the man himself. If he refused, I had made up my mind to bear testimony against him; and, for this purpose, I forced my way through the crowd, and, placing myself beside him, whispered him to accompany me to a more secluded spot. It

was by this time quite dark; he followed me, and I opened to him the purport of my business with him, threatening an immediate disclosure if he withheld from me a single circumstance connected with the murder. He soon settled my curiosity by drawing a dagger from his waist, and plunging it into my side, saying, 'take that as the reward of your curiosity!' I fell, and he ran off, no doubt believing that he had sealed my lips in eternal silence. I should have perished but for the night patrol, which was attracted to the spot by my groans and lamentations. They carried me to a house close by, where I fainted from loss of blood, and became utterly insensible. How long I lay in this situation, I cannot tell; when reason returned, I found an English doctor by my side, together with my mo-

ther. My wound was bandaged, and every care had been taken of me. As soon as I was recovered sufficiently, I was carried home, and then ordered to give up the name or describe the author of my sufferings. The first I could not do, from my utter ignorance of it; but the second I described so well, that I soon learned he had been apprehended and imprisoned. The Abyssinian was now brought to trial, and great stir was made in consequence of the public curiosity being excited respecting him. The fellow possessed a great deal of cunning; and guessing that I should relate the whole truth, took care, previous to his trial, to be beforehand with me. He stated that he met me one evening, and that I desired him to carry a basket, containing the head of a dead man, to the police-office;

but that he shrunk back in abhorrence from the employment. Upon this, I wanted him to promise not to divulge the circumstance, and that I would find out another mode of getting it conveyed there. My house adjoining the Jew's, where the head was discovered, naturally made his hearers give his story more credit than it deserved. He had still, however, to account for stabbing me; and this he contrived to do, by informing the magistrate, with the utmost composure, that he had threatened to accuse me on the night the head was discovered, and that I first attempted his life; upon which, in his own defence, he had drawn and used his dagger. My depositions, on the contrary, were deemed artful and ingenious fictions; so I was transferred to the gaol myself, and the Abyssinian made the

witness against me. After a long imprisonment, my trial came on before a different judge from him who had committed me; when, after a tedious process, I was acquitted of murder. The Abyssinian was also set at liberty, the proof of the crime of which I was accused being utterly inefficient. The witness against me was suspected after all to be guilty; but the trial, though postponed in the hope of further evidence being obtained, was concluded without unravelling the mystery of the head. No one recognized it, nor was any trunk ever discovered: I could not myself account for it, why the Habeshy should wish it sent to the judge of the court.

“It was but justice towards me that I should now be released; but you see how unfortunate I have always been. I was, in

the present instance, saddled with strong presumptive proof of murder; then I was stabbed, and confined a long time in durance, and finally brought to a public trial. In fact, I suffered more in the present instance, in a case in which I was innocent, than at Broach, where I pleaded guilty to every charge on which I was arraigned. My mother, as usual, was overjoyed at my escape, and conjured me to think seriously of some employment, she declaring that her roasting and frying could not maintain two of us. I tried hard to get made a police peon, but I had neither money nor interest to back me. At length I became a sort of under-groom to a rich Banian, cleaning his horse and running errands for him wherever I was commanded to go. My chief employment, however, was to

carry about a large bundle of goods, consisting of clothes and linen. In this I was accompanied by one of my master's under-shopmen, named Sewchund, a Marwarry. My master's name was Lalchund Doorgadas, a man of wealth and consequence. Lalchund was a perpetual suitor in courts. If he had no just claims, he invented them to suit his own purposes; and, nine times out of ten, succeeded by means of false evidence and fabricated documents. I was frequently called upon to bear witness to facts that never came within my knowledge, and required to sign my name as a witness to deeds, the contents of which were never explained to me. It was fortunate they expected nothing more of me, as to scrawl my own name was the utmost stretch of my acquirements; and this I learned at Broach.

I succeeded so well in my new calling, and got so familiar with the iniquitous business, that I no more hesitated in taking a false oath, than in swallowing one of my mother's kabobs. Lalchund invariably rewarded me when he gained a cause. I was frequently admitted to the midnight manufacturing of deeds and mortgage-bonds. The greatest nicety was to make the paper bear the appearance of age; to do which, some of my master's council advised him to rub the paper on a bullock's back, which would deprive it of its gloss, and give it a dirty hue at the same time. This was recommended also to me by one of the court-vakeels or pleaders, who encourage as many suits as possible for the sake of their individual profits; each being allowed certain fees for every suit brought in. These men,

being intimately acquainted with all government regulations, are the very best persons to be employed out of court in the manufacturing of causes, and in court to plead in their support. I have been kept up a whole night by them, learning my lesson for the next day.

“ I must now proceed to a case of great importance to me and my employers, which ended in no very honourable way. In a cause of great consequence, in which my master's interest was very deeply concerned, I had been drilled for three successive nights. Lalchund and several of his partners were present the whole time. These wiseacres did the thing too well, and they over-drilled me. On the day of trial I became so confused from the quantity I had to remember, that I forgot half my cue ;

and, upon a sharp cross-examination, contradicted myself so often, that they threatened to send me to gaol for perjury. I shall never forget Lalchund's long visage on this occasion: he might well look confounded, as he lost his suit, his money, and his character at the same time; all this, too, through my over-zeal in his service; for I forgot to mention before that I told many more lies than were required, in addition to and by way of mending matters. Prudence had wholly forsaken me. I was committed for my perjury, and Lalchund was under horrible fears lest I should let out, on my trial, the whole of the frauds in which he had employed me, and so ruin him. The truth is, I was pondering whether I could not, by this means, save myself from punishment, and whether it would

not be best to relate all my nocturnal drillings; not that, if convicted of perjury, I should escape, unless I shewed I had important revelations to unfold, which might be a matter of convention; but then Lalchund would be undone, and I did not wish this. While meditating on the best policy for my own interest, and how I might in the safest way get clear, or lighten the cloud hanging over me, my mother entered the cell where I was confined. ‘In prison again!’ said she; ‘what a hopeful son I have! How long will this continue? You will be hanged, in the end, to a certainty!’—‘Well, mother,’ I replied, ‘the knowledge of this is some consolation, for then I shall find an end of my troubles.’—‘Now, then, my boy, listen to me,’ said she; ‘I know all your present difficulties,

and think we may yet turn them to some advantage, although you must prepare to get severely punished.' My reply was, 'Well, mother, there is nothing very new to me in punishment: shew me what advantage will accrue from it, and here is my back ready for the cane, if it be worth purchasing at such a price.'—'Why, you know you are to be tried for perjury, boy.'—'I know that too well, mother,' said I. 'Well, and what do you mean to say in your defence?' she observed. 'Why,' I rejoined, 'I mean to criminate Lalchund.'—'Then you are a fool,' she returned, 'if you think that will save you. Are you not equally culpable?' To this I answered, 'Yes, I allowed that; but whether I accused him or not, the judge must know that he bribed me, or, at least, that I had

been bribed by some one; and who would he fix upon as soon as Lalchund? My mother agreed to the justice of this; 'But then,' said she, 'the system of drilling, the disclosure of their midnight meetings, and the conduct of the vakeel or government-pleaders, need not come out. Would you bring ruin on them all?'—'What ruin have they not brought upon me?' I answered. 'The more fool you,' said my mother; 'you know I always told you that eki beki would be your destruction. Listen, however: I have received an offer of five hundred rupees from Lalchund, and five hundred more from the pleader, if you will hold your tongue.'—'What! one thousand rupees! Why, my dear mother, you may cut my tongue out for that sum. I will be mute, never fear—silent as

a dead dog.'—'Pish! no more of dead dogs, if you have one particle of love left for me: recollect what I have suffered by them. But, son, this is a serious affair—one thousand rupees, recollect!'—'Aye, aye, mother; you may fry away long enough before you will make that sum: lying is, after all, a more profitable thing than cooking kabobs.'—'Silence,' said my mother, 'is more profitable than either, just at present.'—'Then,' said I, 'my dear mother, get the money. Make them believe I am determined to blab all, and they will come down with the cash at once, depend upon it. Let me know when you have it, and then set off with it to Broach as fast as you can; for if you remain here, when they have got all they want, and the trial is over, rely upon this, that they will

never rest until they get the money back from you again.'—'Impossible, child ! impossible ! they cannot do such a thing—there is no law to help them.'—' My good mother,' said I, ' you do not know them ; they can frame a bond as quickly as you can roast a kabob ; and as to evidence, there is a regular set here who live by the trade of swearing.'

“ Our dialogue continued some time longer in much the same strain. It concluded by her inquiring what would become of me ? and telling me that I should be terribly punished ; and by my observing that they could hardly flea me alive ; that one thousand rupees was an ointment of great virtue for sore backs, far better than her mutton fat ; and that if I was imprisoned in addition, as she said I should

be, she would always know where to find me; and also, that I should be certain to get into no new scrapes for a time at least. On taking leave, she wished God might protect me; and I begged her to hold out, and try and get a hundred or two of rupees above the thousand. She left me, promising to do so, and to see me the following day.—Never, thought I to myself, was man so well paid before for holding his tongue. The payment I shall get will be in a different shape, but it will be dealt to me whether I remain dumb or not. One thousand rupees! charming—two dozen rattans! terrible, thought I; and, stretching myself on my mat, I fell asleep.

“My mother visited me the next evening, and reported the improbability of gaining more than one thousand rupees,

and not even that sum, without considerable demur. They even talked to her about drafts and bills of exchange for the amount. Thus it appeared as if they designed to evade the payment. I declared I would blab out the entire of their nefarious proceedings, unless the cash was paid down in good coin. My mother was as anxious as myself for this mode of doing the business, and departed once more to demand prompt payment. On the following day she came to me again, but brought no good account of the rupees; and, what was as bad, told me that the gaoler refused to admit her any more after the present day, and that, therefore, if she got the money on the next, she should send me a letter. She had forgotten that I could not read, and so was cut off from any advantage I might

derive from her correspondence. She then told me she could contrive to scrawl some symbol of success on paper, and affix her mark to it, which I thought was a scrawl to resemble a skewer, but she told me it was a spoon. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘mother, I thought it was something in your trade; explain exactly, that all may be clear.’— ‘Well, boy, it shall be a large bag, tied at the neck,’ said she; ‘by which you will understand that the money is secure in my hands. Your trial will come on the day after to-morrow; and if you do not receive this sign from me, you may be very certain the cash is not in my hands as it should be: you must then do the best for yourself.’— ‘I’ll ruin them all if you are not paid,’ said I; ‘and so, my good mother, adieu!’— ‘In that case, as you please, my dear son.

Farewell !—‘ Farewell, mother !’ I replied ; ‘ if you get the money, hasten to Broach with it—not half a moment’s delay !’—‘ Trust me for that,’ she replied, and departed. Never were son and mother more sympathetic in disposition—more congenially connected !

—“ Another long night passed over my head. Morning came, and a letter was delivered to me by the gaoler. Full of hope I tore it open, and, to my indescribable joy, discovered the picture of a bag tied at the neck, and a mark at the bottom, which my mother, no doubt, intended should resemble a spoon ; but it looked more like a staff with a round head, so dreadfully ill-managed were the proportions. I destroyed the paper, and waited most patiently my fate. On the following day the court was

opened, and I was led up to take my trial. The judge being anxious to discover the midnight-manufactures of the bonds, offered to pardon me, if I would put the court in possession of all the particulars of the transactions truly and faithfully; seeing, with the keen-sightedness of a man of his profession, that I was merely a tool of men whom he already suspected of crimes, but respecting whom he possessed no proof by which to obtain their conviction. He informed me, with a sternness not to be witnessed by one in my circumstances without tremour, that if I kept back or varied one minute point from the truth, I should not escape severe punishment even then. I now began to reflect on the effects of the rattan and a long imprisonment; and as I had, I thought, pocketed the cash, I was

not inclined to set at nought a sore back, as I had done previously, when the money was only viewed by anticipation. I begged an hour, therefore, to consider, and was allowed to retire into a small room by myself. In my way to the entrance of it, among a crowd of persons I recognized the pleader and a clerk of Lalchund's. They gave me a significant look, and placed their fingers on their lips to remind me of my promise of secrecy. I drew my hand across my throat; as much as to say, they might cut my throat if I criminated them. This produced a nod of satisfaction from those scoundrels, who separated or mingled among the crowd with revived hopes of their security. Left in a small chamber by myself, I turned over and over again the offer of the judge to pardon me. The more I

thought upon the subject, the more eager did I feel to avoid the rattan, and the less consideration did I feel for Lalchund and his associates. I apprehended no violence from them, in return, towards my mother, as I felt certain she had decamped to Broach; and I could have nothing to apprehend, as the associates would all be seized the moment I mentioned their names, and I should have nothing to do but to set off to my mother; for, though I dared not be seen in Broach, I could enter her house by stealth, and keep close, and get away again in the same secret manner. Then I urged to myself that I had promised to be silent if they paid me, and that I was about to break my word. But the rattan! the rattan! This fearful instrument of punishment drove from my mind all ideas of

honour, and I had determined to avoid, if possible, its direful smart. At length the hour allowed me for consideration expired, and I was once more placed before the judge; to whom I related every particular, and implicated by name Lalchund, Hurry Bahae the pleader, Sewchund the Marwar-ry, and many others whose names I need not relate. No sooner were the syllables out of my lips, than orders were given to apprehend the whole gang, and I was released, being obliged to find security to appear against them. An enemy of Lalchund did me the kindness to be my recognizance on this occasion, and I found myself once more at large.

“ At the very door of the court, as I was passing out, who should I see, to my great surprise, but my mother, who I expected

was long before at Broach, and settled in her old kabob-shop again. ‘Why, you look astonished at seeing me,’ said she the moment she saw me. ‘Indeed I am,’ I replied. ‘Why are you not gone to Broach?’—‘Why should I?’ she rejoined. I then made a sign to be silent, and whispered her that this was no place to talk over our secrets, and that we had better proceed to her house; for it was difficult to make my poor mother keep quiet or talk low in public; and, in spite of all I could do in the present instance, she continued to mumble in a low tone as she walked beside me. ‘I am glad you impeached the rogues—the villains! it serves them right.’ I longed to ask her what she meant, but dared not do so in the public street. We arrived at her lodgings, and having locked the door of her

room, she again began. ‘Serve them right, the villains! the scoundrels! the rogues! serve them right, I say. How glad I am you gave them up! Were you not sadly disappointed in not getting a letter from me?’—‘Not getting a letter, my good mother!’ said I; ‘why, I did get a letter, marked with your bag and spoon!’—‘O the crafty villains!’ she observed; ‘it serves them right—they are done for!’—‘Explain yourself, my dear mother; pray explain!’ I answered. Did you not send me a letter? Were not the bag and spoon drawn in it? Have you not received the money?’—‘O the crafty dogs!’ she answered; ‘you have served them right! they are ruined, as they deserved!’—‘My dear mother,’ said I pettishly, ‘tell me whether you did or not get the money and send the letter?’—‘Neither,

boy,' she replied. ' Money—letter, indeed ! not I ; but I see through it all now. Sewchund, the clerk of Lalchund, called upon me to talk over the matter, promising to bring me the money almost immediately ; but, understanding I had been refused admission to the gaol, asked by what means I contrived to convey intelligence of the money having been paid to you. I told him all that was arranged ; that I had agreed to send you a letter, signed with the mark of the spoon. He then said the money should be forthcoming very shortly, and he should soon see me again. Now, instead of bringing me the money, they forged a letter to you, with the mark of which I told them. Serve them right !' repeated my mother ; ' the rogues ! the wretches ! the villains !' I then observed,

‘ My dear mother, your conjecture is very just: they nearly succeeded; for I thought the money was safe in your hands.’—‘ Then how came you to implicate them?’ said my mother. ‘ Alas! my dear mother; had you ever felt the rattan, you would not have asked that question; had you known what its smart is, you would have acted as I did; for, making sure of the money, I felt anxious enough to avoid the cane upon any terms.’—‘ O the villains!’ cried my mother; ‘ it serves them right! Trying to deceive, they have been deceived: it is a proper punishment for them, the knaves! I should have been broken-hearted, had you borne the punishment, and not gained by it a single rupee to help us out of our difficulties and cure your wounds.’—‘ I was very nearly so situated,’ I remarked, in re-

ply. ‘You see, mother, the necessity of writing; had you been able to sign your name, no forgery could have taken place.’—‘Why, dolt,’ said my mother, angrily, who felt her hieroglyphics arraigned by the observation; ‘could you have read it if I had been able to do so?—you may see the necessity of learning to read from the same cause.’—‘Aye, true, indeed!’ I answered; ‘we are neither of us scholars, and the more the pity!’—‘Scholars enough to outwit men who are no conjurors!’ she answered. Thank Allah and you, my lad, we shall see the greedy villains well punished!—Serve them right, the rogues! the scoundrels! the scape-graces!’ A hearty laugh now burst simultaneously from us both, when we reflected on the way in which the biters had been bit. On the strength of

our good fortune, my mother went out and bought a sheep's head and some odd bits, which were twisted into kabobs without loss of time, and we enjoyed a hearty supper.

“After our supper was over, I retired to my mat in high spirits at having escaped the dreadful rattan, and soon fell into a soft slumber. From this I was speedily awoke by hearing a noise in my room. Looking up, I saw two men with canes and a lantern standing by me. ‘Alas!’ thought I; ‘it is not decreed that I shall escape the cane, after all—caned I must be! Who are you?’ I demanded. ‘That we will speedily answer,’ said one of them; and I discovered him to be the Jew who lived next door to us. ‘We will teach you,’ he cried, in bad Hindustanee, ‘to throw heads

into my house, you Musselman-dog! We will give you a lesson for this trick, which you shall well remember!' So, dragging me over the floor, they began to lay on me in a most furious way. I heard my mother screaming outside the door, which the Jews had taken the precaution to fasten: she could not, therefore, afford me any kind of protection. The infuriated son of Israel applied the cane as long as he could stand over me, and then departed, my mother giving him and his companion a volley of abuse; to which no reply was made, other than by pushing her down stairs—they effecting their escape over the terrace into their own house. The caning I received at Broach was a flea-bite compared to the present. I bled very profusely, and mutton-fat was this time found to be of no

avail in healing my wounds. I was not at all prepared for such a punishment; for in my more recent troubles I had forgotten all about the head, the Jew, and the Abyssinian. My mother, fortunately, received no injury, although she rolled from the top to the bottom of the stairs. She was, therefore, able to administer to my wants, and assist me, as far as she could, in healing my wounds. It was, indeed, a lesson I shall never forget, as the Jew said it should be; and full severe enough to prevent my ever rolling bloody heads down my neighbours' staircases again.

“The following morning my mother, without my knowledge, repaired to a magistrate to lodge a complaint against my punisher. Persons were sent off in every direction to apprehend them without avail; they had

packed up their goods and departed. When I recovered I could never leave the house a moment without being watched by the emissary of the man who had stood security for my appearance as a witness against Lalchund, and this I found at last so unpleasant that I confined myself entirely within doors. After three months had elapsed, I took my station in court, and had the pleasure of seeing Lalchund put to the bar. He and his associates all pleaded not guilty; but my testimony soon proved to the contrary, and Lalchund was sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand rupees and to be imprisoned for a year; Sewchund, the officeman, was to be paraded through the city on an ass, with his face to the tail, and to be publicly flogged; the pleader was fined five hundred rupees, and dismissed from his

office ; and the clerk was to accompany Sewchund in his ride through the city, and receive one dozen rattans. Thus was the gang disposed of ; and being myself at perfect liberty, I returned home to my mother's house. When she heard the sentence she took her station at an upper window, and determined to see the culprits ride in disgrace through the streets, saying " Serve them right ! serve them right, the villains ! the rogues ! the wretches ! the forgers of my marks ! " I was with her when we heard the trumpet and drum, which in mock ceremony led the procession. First came the Marwarry, the office-man or shopman, with his face to the tail of a lame ass, looking miserable indeed : the clerk followed him, and was so ashamed that he covered himself over with a cloth. My mother observing

this, called from the window—‘ Take off the cloth ! take off the cloth ! serve them right, the forgers !’—It was with difficulty I could restrain her. Most fortunately no one heard her, or if they did, paid her no attention. She waited at the window to see them return, and then went to behold them flogged. She told me the crowd was so great she could not get near enough to see anything ; but she heard the cry of the knaves, and it was music to her soul—concluding as usual with, ‘ Serve them right, the villains !’

“ I now began to consider whether it would not be hazardous for me to remain in the city, where I must have many enemies : I therefore told my mother I should enlist as one of the Company’s sepoy. She made no objection, but lamented the separation which must inevitably ensue between

us. I cheered her with the hope of one day meeting again, and that I would not fail to let her know from time to time how I succeeded. Every thing being previously arranged, I enlisted in a battalion then at Surat. Now I had to undergo discipline of another description. My instructor enforced his lessons with such frequent applications of the rattan, that I began to think I was born for no other purpose than to be caned. I had scarcely learned my duty, when we were ordered to march for the Deccan. I took leave of my mother, promising to send her a letter whenever I could get some one to write for me : she made the same promise to me, and we separated. We arrived at Seroor fatigued to death, and the duty soon became so severe, that I deserted with one of my comrades, and

hearing of this horde of Pindarees I volunteered among them. I have been here two years. Just before I deserted from the English, I heard from my father, by a letter, the melancholy news of my poor mother's death at Surat. I have now concluded my story, and leave it to you, my friends, to say, whether you do not think with myself that I have been more hardly used and worse treated than my friend, whose tale you have already heard. What my other comrade may be able to relate (alluding to the third Pindaree), I know not, though I remain to be convinced that his misfortunes are equal to mine."

We all laughed at his "misfortunes" as he called them, instead of commiserating him, when we recollected their nature; though we verbally stated that he had been hardly

used. One of us asking him if he ever heard any thing more about the bloody head, he replied, that he was not over anxious to appear busy in his inquiries respecting a thing which had involved him in so much trouble; he said, "I heard that the Abyssinian was an agent of the Nawaub's, who had employed him to dispatch some fellow that had contrived to get access to his seraglio. Instead of rewarding the man, the Nawaub dismissed him. This induced the assassin to seek himself by trying to fix the murder on the Nawaub, without implicating himself. Whether this was the real fact or not, I have never had the power of deciding." Here the second Pindaree concluded his story.

CHAP. IV.

THE tale of the second Pindaree entertained us much, and not the less from the fellow's belief that, because he was unsuccessful in the nefarious transactions in which he had been engaged, he was entitled to pity. His ill success at eki beki he seemed to think a ground for receiving the compassionate consideration of others, and demanded pity almost in proportion to the knavery he had exhibited. This was like a true son of Mahomed, who always aspires to honour and riches, be he ever so great a vagabond, or sprung even from the lowest of the low. We humoured the foolish rogue, however, by affecting to condole with him,

and by telling him how much he was to be pitied, and how hard it seemed that one with talents such as his, superior to those possessed by persons of his years in general, and with such kind dispositions and amiable propensities, should be unsuccessful at eki beki, lose his rupees as often as he did, and suffer so much from the rattan. He thought we condoled with him in good earnest, and impressively lifting up his eyes and hands, exclaimed, "It is the will of Allah!" to our great entertainment.

The third Pindaree now offered to relate his history, and with a melancholy countenance began thus: "I was born in Kattywar. My father was a merchant of great respectability. His word was considered as good as his bond, and his neighbours all looked upon him as one of the most honest

and upright merchants in India. His name was Lalldas, and mine is Gopaldass Lalldas. At fifteen years of age I was placed in my father's shop, and at seventeen was made a partner in his trade. We dealt in grain, and my father had the repute of being a very rich man: I know myself that he advanced loans to the Rajah of Kattywar. Notwithstanding all this, I could never finger a single rupee; but I was well provided with every thing else I could wish at home. My father carefully checked every disposition to extravagance on my part, and set me such an example himself, that I soon saw the advantage of keeping a close fist. My father, however, might have spared his lessons on economy, if he had reflected that he took care I should not have an opportunity of being wasteful or extravagant, by

never allowing me to call a rupee my own. We were also sahoukars,* and granted bills of exchange upon Bombay and Madras, and we advanced money on interest. This business kept my fingers in contact with piles of money; but I made a secret vow never to do a dishonest act, and I adhered to it. Perhaps one reason why I more easily adhered to my resolution, was the certainty of discovery taking place, in case I was guilty of dishonesty. My father was continually counting his rupees, and adding them up, calculating interest, and comparing the balances in his different books, and he would have very soon discovered the smallest deficiency in the money that he kept by him for business.

“ I was betrothed at eight years old to a

* Bankers.

girl named Gopee. Upon my arriving at seventeen years, neither I nor my father contemplated the engagement with much pleasure. Gopee's father had been a Sirdar of some consequence, and in possession of a considerable degree of power; he was now reduced to a mere nobody, bore a bad character, and his wife was reputed to be a witch. An alliance with such a family was by no means desirable; for independently of the character of my intended wife's parents, some one had put it into my father's head that the old woman would cause her daughter to bewitch me, and that, together, we should conjure all his money out of his strong box. This was full enough to determine my father to break off the match if he could, and to issue his commands to me for that purpose. Such a step as this was a very

singular one, not only in Kattywar, but in every other place in the neighbourhood—for after the betrothing, who ever believes it possible to get off from marriage? A Brahmin was consulted upon the subject, and he told us that a release from our contract could not be obtained in any way. Thus I was obliged at length to marry Gopee, the witch's daughter. My father, however, would not suffer my bride to enter his house, or set her eye upon his strong box, although he had emptied it, and taken the precaution to keep his money buried in some secret place, together with his bonds and papers. I hired a house for my wife, who often visited her mother, and spent a great deal of time with her. Both wife and mother used to attack me early and late for money, constantly asking for rupees. When

they found I had none in my possession, they proposed I should rob my father, and at last even desired me to murder him. I was horror-struck, as may well be imagined, at the atrocious character of these two hell-cats with whom I was so unfortunately connected, and I rushed out of their presence upon their making me the horrible proposal.

“ Thus time passed away, and found me miserable enough. One day, upon entering my father's office, I found the family in great fright and grief, my father being stretched upon his bed unable to move. The servants were struck dumb with fear, and looked like statues. Upon inquiry I found, after great difficulty in questioning and cross-questioning, that a lime with two needles stuck into it, and laid on two copper

pice, had been placed the night before on my father's threshold—that he as usual first opened the door, and first beheld the dreadful omen. I was too well aware of the bent of my father's mind to doubt the effect upon him, or that the act was intended to produce mischief, whoever the party might be that did it. I guessed at once who had done it, and fixed the act immediately on the shoulders of my wife's mother, who was enraged at not being the better for the riches which my father was known to possess, and of which she thought she might easily get a portion through her daughter's marriage with me. My father recovered from his fright, but never regained his former state of health. From that time he seemed to fail rapidly: I am not sure, however, whether my marriage

was not the main cause of his decline, which the circumstance now related tended to increase. At last he became incapable of transacting his affairs, lingered on a little time, and died without informing me where he had concealed his money and valuables. My mother-in-law was thus not a whit the better as to rupees for my father's decease. I begged her one day to tell me (I spoke ironically, as she was reported to be able to pry into all things) the spot where my father's money was deposited. She replied 'she would find it;' and she did so, took it all away and decamped with it, leaving her daughter to console me in place of my father's property. My consequence and credit now ended very soon. I could not honour bills, or pay the debts incurred since my father's death; and I had gone on

as usual, hoping by the discovery of the property to settle every thing. A prison was the next step; but my creditors, finding it was inability to pay that kept me from doing justice, soon released me.

“ I now found myself reduced to a state of absolute want. I had difficulty even to preserve myself at times from downright starvation. My old acquaintances avoided me; some affected to pity me, none offered to do more; and I soon knew that no earthly condition is so miserable as his who has nothing but the sympathy or charity of his fellows to rely upon for existence. To add to my misery my wife came back to me, having had a quarrel with her mother. How to exist myself, was a consideration involved in great difficulty; but at such a moment to have to provide for a wife, and

a wife like mine, was a burthen almost too overwhelming for me to sustain. It appeared that my mother-in-law had refused to give a single rupee to her worthy daughter, and the latter, on this account, according to her own representation, came again to me. I explained to her that, owing to her mother's machinations, I was a ruined and destitute man, and that therefore she had better try and get some employment, which was the step I intended to adopt myself. 'What!' said she, 'you would have me beat rice, I suppose?'—'Yes,' I replied, coolly; 'or beat out your own brains, whichever you prefer doing.' This enraged her terribly. She assailed me with volleys of abuse, and called me pitiful, sordid, and cowardly, that I thus submitted to be robbed and pilfered by an old woman.

When a pause in her abuse came, I ventured to ask what she would have me do. ‘Do! you whining, whimpering wretch!’ she exclaimed; ‘why, do any thing, rather than sit down and starve quietly here. O, if I were a man, I would raise heaven and earth before I would submit so quietly!’ I saw that she was endeavouring to stir me up to the commission of some violent act, and to urge me to vengeance on the wicked plunderer of my money; it even seemed as if nothing but a proposition for me to kill her mother would appease the violence of her anger. I hereupon asked if there was any possibility or probability of our getting part of the money from her mother. ‘The witch,’ she answered, ‘is only successful against fools; but still, if you are not quite unmanned by poverty—if you have a

grain of spirit left, we may recover some part of it.' I inquired what she had done with the papers; 'I know nothing about the papers, and very little about the money,' my wife replied; 'most probably they are together.' I then inquired how her mother had found the treasure, and she said, 'by the same means which you yourself might have made available, had you been possessed of wit, courage, or perseverance. She watched your father (who was foolish enough to empty his box and bury his cash) to the spot where he used to visit it. There lay the glittering treasure; and, mistress of this secret, she frightened your superstitious father to death with the lime and needles. Now will you consent to make an effort to recover your property?' I replied that I

would ; but before I proceeded I would know whether I was required to stain my hands with blood to succeed, because, rather than commit murder, I would relinquish every thing. ‘ You will defend yourself if you are attacked, I suppose,’ she observed, ‘ and you will also stretch forth an arm in my defence?’ I answered ‘ I would.’ ‘ Yes,’ said she, ‘ because I shall be useful to you in finding your money, otherwise you would much rather aid in taking than defending my life.’ I assured her of the contrary, that I bore her no enmity, that I pitied her for the way in which she had been educated, and that I should be highly delighted to find in her a companion and a friend. She then observed ‘ that she could be both, and asked me if I knew where her mother lived.

On replying in the negative, she said, 'my mother lives at Bhooj, in Cutch. My father is also there. To gain access to them is impossible, without incurring the most imminent danger. They dwell in the ruins of the palace which was lately destroyed by the earthquake, and there also is the money.' I inquired if she was certain of this, and whether we should be able to get it. She said, 'she was not so sure of that;' and I then asked if any one besides her father and mother lived among the ruins. She informed me there were an hundred freebooters there, of whom her father was commander, and they were always ready to protect his treasure. 'Surely,' I observed, 'the government does not sanction this: why does it not put them down?' She answered, 'she did not know; there they

were, and against them we should have to contend.' I told her, in that case our scheme was perfectly hopeless; two against a hundred were fearful odds to contend with. 'Courage,' my wife replied; 'artifice and perseverance will work through stone walls. Keep a firm resolution, and follow me.'

"My wife led me into the open fields, and through ravines, until we came to a small hut, which she entered, and desired me to put on the habit of a gossein, while she arrayed herself in the dress of a boy, with a guitar in his hand. She said she preferred the dress of a gossein, because her mother was strongly bigotted in favour of these religious mendicants, and would not dare to turn away one from the door of her habitation; and that having thus ob-

tained a footing, we might indulge in the hope of succeeding at last. I ought to have seen through the shallowness of the artifice if I had reflected but a moment, and that the knowledge of our persons rendered such a plan out of the question, as to success, were it even undertaken in good faith. The idea of recovering my property closed my eyes to all other objects. I left my crafty wife to manage all, and proceeded in silence to Bhooj, which we reached after two days journeying on foot.

“The ruins of the palace at Bhooj presented a most awful appearance; shattered, riven, tottering, the vast fragments were a chaos of appalling objects. The heart thrilled on approaching the confusion of ruin on every side, nor could I bring myself

to believe there were any human beings who would dare to inhabit such a terror-striking solitude. My wife halted without the ruined place until evening. About an hour after sunset I followed her into the thickest part of the fallen buildings. She stopped at a small iron door, and began to tune her guitar. In a few minutes the door slowly opened, and a man in a hoarse voice demanded our business. I began bellowing out something in the true gossein style, and the man begged my blessing, which I granted, and then demanded admittance. This he dared not permit until he had consulted his superiors within. He went away, and in a short time returned and beckoned us to follow him. We obeyed, and were led through archways and narrow passages, until we found ourselves in a spacious

apartment, at the upper end of which sat my mother-in-law. I approached her with trembling steps. She was a singular looking being. She immediately began by a string of interrogations, demanding whence I came, and whither I was journeying. To these, and a number of similar questions, I gave suitable replies. She then began to question me respecting some points in my faith, and inquired the nature of the penances I had undergone; if I had subjected myself lately to any mortification, such as half-hanging, or half-roasting myself. I answered I had not, and she then said, she supposed I had contented myself with a slight flagellation only. I replied that there was no necessity for my so suffering, as I had been very strict over myself,

‘ Well then, holy man !’ the hag screamed out, ‘ a touch of the rattan at present would be grateful no doubt,—what, ho, there ! who is in waiting ?’ Upon this two stout fellows came into the room provided with rattans, and notwithstanding all my prayers and intreaties began to strip me. I looked round for my wife, as much as to say ‘ what shall I do now ? what is the meaning of all this ?’ when she burst out into a loud laugh, in which she was joined by her mother. I now perceived how I had been duped and inveigled by the daughter into the mother’s clutches ; and that my wife had been sent after me for the purpose. The two fellows, in the mean time, proceeded to obey their orders, and beat me most cruelly, while between every stroke I

heard the loud laugh of my wife and her demon of a mother. When I had received about forty strokes, I was ordered to follow the two men, who took me down a narrow staircase, at the end of which was a strong door studded with spikes. This being opened, they thrust me within it, locked it fast, and left me in utter darkness."

* * * * *

We were suddenly interrupted at this moment by the sound of a horn, and the third Pindaree broke off abruptly. The report of a matchlock succeeded, and all around seemed to be on the alert in a moment. A loud knocking at the door of the chamber in which we were was now heard, and on opening it a messenger from the chief of the troop entered, and told us that the English were within two miles,

and we must instantly decamp. "To horse, to horse!" was heard in exclamations from all quarters, and in less than an hour we were mounted and clear of the fortress.

CHAP. V.

It happened, most unfortunately, that upon leaving our place of refuge in the old fortress, in our too great haste to avoid the enemy, we rushed into his very jaws. A warm—indeed a heavy fire was poured in amongst us, from a small but well-placed body of infantry, upon which we could not make an impression. Our men and horses dropped fast. The friendly party which had with me occupied the storytelling-chamber, agreed to keep together in the skirmish, and we all fought desperately. A ball struck Gopal das Lalldas, the third Pindaree, who had not been able to conclude his story, early in the action; and, falling from

his horse, he was run through the body by one of the enemy's Hayildars. Even at such an occupied moment, the poor fellow's unfinished story flashed on my memory like a momentary light, as he fell and ended his misfortunes for ever. Soon every thing decided itself against us, and we had no time to indulge a thought but for our own safety. To protract the contest was useless, and to turn our backs to the foe seemed the best policy. We followed it, and soon left the English infantry far behind us. Nanna and Suntoo, my companions, who had been servants of Trimbuckje, proposed to take this opportunity of deserting. Nanna knew the country well: and, crying to us to follow him, he rode off, Suntoo and I keeping close at his heels. We galloped hard until we reached a village, through which

it was necessary to pass. Nanna proposed dashing through at full speed (for our appearance and dress gave us the character of Pindarees, though we were not), since we knew explanation with the villagers would be useless. The latter were so oppressed by the roving Pindarees, that we should inevitably be the victims of their revenge. We used our spurs, jaded as our horses were, and dashed on at full gallop. It being early in the morning, the guard alone was up at the chowkee, or guard-house, situated in the principal street. As we passed it, a dozen matchlocks were fired at us, and Suntoo fell dead. Nanna and I escaped unhurt; and attaining again the open country, congratulated each other on our lucky escape, lamenting the death of Suntoo. "It was his destiny, though,"

said Nanna at last, very coolly; "Suntoo could not outride that."

In our flight, our horses bore up surprisingly. They had, I have no doubt, been fed with opium, a method adopted by the Pindarees when they expect them to encounter any extraordinary fatigue, or they find it needful to force them through long journies. Some of their horses, so treated, will travel eighty coss in a day, and enable their masters to elude pursuit most effectually. We arrived with our jaded animals on the borders of Kandeish, and then determined to proceed on foot. We turned our horses loose in the fields, pulled off our Pindaree boots and wadded coats, and having washed ourselves in a tank, walked like two honest travellers into the first village we came near. We learned there that war

had commenced at Poonah between the English and Badjerao, the Peeshwa, and that the whole of the Deccan would soon be involved in confusion. We found also, by chance, that Trimbuckje Danglia was near the very village in which we then were, and we thought this a most fortunate circumstance, as we needed his assistance in our present destitute condition. He received us with apparent pleasure; but I thought he eyed me in a manner so singular, though I was at a loss to account for it, that I did not feel quite comfortable. He seemed to have forgotten the reward he promised for effecting his escape, and was in a very bad humour. The potail of the village had reported to him that an English officer with some men were arrived in the village and Trimbuckje had given him

orders to watch the strangers narrowly. The potail, however, thought proper to proceed to the officer's tent, surround it with several Bheels whom he had in his employment, and murder him in cold blood. He sent the head to Trimbuckje, who blamed the potail, and asked him who gave him power to kill the officer? The fellow made some excuse, and his offence was thought of no more.

After a few days spent with Trimbuckje, I asked leave to proceed to the village wherein I had held the official situation. Trimbuckje answered, that I might go to the devil if I liked; by which I well understood I had nothing to expect from him. Being anxious to see Sagoonah, I set off as quickly as I could, and in two days' time arrived at the place where I had left her.

The house in which she had dwelt was standing, but its external appearance gave me but too faithful an impression of its forsaken state. The doors and window-shutters were torn off their hinges, and all was desolate. The reflexion that I could hardly expect to find my fair friends in the same spot where I had so long ago left them, prepared me in a certain degree for the disappointment I experienced. The state of the house, however, I could not pass over, as it evinced marks of violence exerted against it by other hands than those of time. Perhaps Sagoonah had been murdered ! The idea that it was so began to haunt me ; it made me feverish and restless. “ Why, my lovely Sagoonah,” I said a hundred times to myself, “ why did I ever quit you ! Why were you doomed to be so per-

secuted, and why am I for ever to suffer disappointment !' Thus I bewailed my lot, until my feelings became so excited that I was very near ending my days on the threshold of the house where I had once been so happy—over which she had passed or been taken lifeless ; she who was the sole object that made me bear the multiplied calamities of my wandering life with patience, and alone reconciled me with human existence ! I knew not what it was that prevented my carrying this desperate purpose into effect. It was some casual or passing thought, to which hope clung, that led me aside from the deep dark pit into which I was on the point of falling. It was not impossible Sagoonah might even now be alive, and be requiring my protection. I must live to rescue her from the hands of villany

again, and be once more repaid by her kindness and love. "I will live," thought I, "and search throughout India for one who is so linked with my own being."

With the foregoing idea in my head, and with a full heart, I repaired to the house of the collector, under whom I had been formerly employed. I was informed he was asleep, and must not be disturbed. I then inquired if I could be informed what had become of my mother and of my sister?—"Your mother and sister," one of the servants exclaimed, with a look that expressed he knew the contrary far better than I chose to suppose he did, "are not in this village." I told him I knew that as well as he, but asked where they then were. "In the first place," replied the fellow, "I can't tell, because I don't know myself; and in the second

place, if I did, I would not tell, because,"—
“Because,” I interrupted, “because why?”
The man significantly tapped his stomach, and then pointed to his mouth, signifying it was more than his place was worth to do so. I saw directly I should get nothing from him, and, sufficiently dispirited, I went away. When I conjectured the great man had finished his sleep, I repaired a second time to his residence, and was told he was at his meals, and could not be spoken with. It was evident he did not want to see me, but still I determined to wait an hour longer. At the expiration of that time I again made my appearance at his door; and, that I might neglect nothing, I presented two rupees to a peon, begging him to give my name to his master, and inform him I wished to speak with him on business of im-

portance. The peon went up stairs, and soon returned, saying his master was engaged over papers of consequence, and would not be interrupted. This was proof sufficient to convince me that an audience was denied me, and that I might spare myself the trouble of any future applications for an interview. I felt persuaded that the collector himself had aided in the outrage which I apprehended had been committed. Passing by the chowkee, or guard-room, a little time afterwards, the fellow whom I had addressed on my first visit, beckoned me aside and whispered to me, "The sooner you are off the better."—"Why?" I answered. He drew his finger across his throat, and said, "Be wise." I thanked him, and was about to ask another

question, but he turned on his heel, and I saw no more of him.

It was now very clear that I must provide for my own safety. To what point I should direct my steps I knew not, but I wandered again by instinct, while considering the subject, to the deserted house where Sagoonah had lived. It was the evening hour; the interior of the building was dark and gloomy—not one article of furniture remained in it save an old couch with three legs, upon which I sat to finish my meditations on the best step to be taken to solve the mystery that hung over the fate of my fair friends, and the cause of the desolation I saw around me. It seemed strange that the house should be so totally deserted; it was not in ruins, why did not some one in-

habit it? why were its chambers left empty, be the fate of its former tenants what it might? Perhaps a murder had been committed within its walls, and it was shunned as a place of horrors—and who knew but the victim might have been my Sagoonah! This one moment I thought must be the case, and I even sobbed aloud, until the bare walls echoed back my lamentations. I never felt so wretched. After a little time I recollected the caution of the man at the chowkee; and summoning the aid of reason, I descended the stairs with the intention of leaving the place, when I saw a light issue from under a door on my right hand at the foot of the staircase. What it meant I could not conjecture. “Some one must inhabit that room,” thought I to myself, “and I will find out who it is, even if my life be

hazarded by my rashness." With this determination I crept softly down to the door whence the light issued, and laid my ear close to it. I now heard whisperings and chinking of money, which made me think they were thieves who harboured there, and I judged that they could not be of that class of persons from whom I could learn any thing to my advantage. With this idea I was going softly away, leaving the house to its secret tenants, when the talking became louder, and I again listened, but could only hear disjointed sentences and scattered words, such as "money," "services," "Trim-buckje Danglia." It now struck me that if I knocked at the door, and demanded admittance as a traveller desiring shelter, I might possibly learn something of advantage to myself; I therefore gave a loud

knock. The light was immediately extinguished, and I heard the chink of money very audibly. Not a word more was uttered; and fearing the persons might rush out upon me, I slipped into a recess at a little distance from the room they occupied, where I was well concealed at that hour of the night. I had scarcely got into it, when a pistol was discharged from the head of the staircase, and a bullet passed through the outer door. Had I been in my former post, I must have fallen, and my fortune been at once settled for ever. I was now convinced there was more than one person in the house, or I should have immediately followed the man who fired. Uncertain of the number or force under the roof, I conceived it would be madness to move out. There could be no doubt the men, whoever they were, had

a perfect knowledge of all the passages of the house, even better than I had. Notwithstanding, therefore, the danger I incurred in remaining longer, curiosity chained me to the spot until I saw a light flash from the head of the stairs. The person who held it was, perhaps, the villain who had fired. Seeing no one, I retired, and all was again still and dark. Soon after, I heard the voices again in the room below, and one of them distinctly say, "'Twas a false alarm—there was no one there, or if there was, he is there no longer."—"No, no," observed another, "my shot sent him about his business; but we must not waste time here. Farewell! we meet again at Asseerghur."—"Aye, aye," said the first, "there is work enough for us there." They then made their exit, by what means I cannot tell, but

I felt no small pleasure at their departure. I looked into the street soon afterwards, but could see neither of them, which makes me imagine there was some secret passage of which I knew nothing. With an eager but faint hope that these men were privy to the removal or present situation of Sagoonah and her aunt, if they were indeed alive, I determined to follow them to Asseerghur, a very strong fort situated on an immense height of rock, which renders it impregnable; it is therefore considered the most important place of defence in that part of the Deccan. I left the village accordingly, and took shelter for the rest of the night in a cow-shed, where I obtained a few hours' sleep; and in the morning set out for Asseerghur.

“Comfortless and hungry, I kept my

journey onwards until I reached a small village, where I sat myself down in the durhmallah, or place for travellers. There were two men within of most savage countenances, busied in lighting a fire to cook their rice. They appeared, like myself, to have only just arrived, and I, having no rice to cook, had plenty of time to examine the countenances of these ferocious-looking personages. No two men ever existed more unlike each other. The one was very tall, with a thin emaciated face enveloped in whiskers and mustachios, so that his small black eyes and the tip of his nose only were visible, except when his mouth opened, and then a splendid set of the whitest teeth I ever beheld illuminated his gloomy countenance. The indices of age in man and horse convinced me that the object engaging

my attention, though apparently past fifty, was in reality scarcely thirty. He wore a white coat, long white trowsers, with a red shawl over his shoulders, and a black leather belt round his waist, in which were a brace of pistols. On his head was a dirty green turban, twisted in the form of a Madras nuthkhut's or conjuror's, so that I was much puzzled to discover either his country or his caste. The other was a short mean-looking villain, with no hair on his person save his mustachios, which were mere stubble and of a very light colour; he was fair, and had two small grey eyes and a snub nose, with very thick lips and a miserable set of black broken teeth. A large scar on his forehead shewed me he had been no stranger to broils, and knew how to fight his way through life. He had a red turban,

which looked as if it had been daily worn time out of mind, without its being reformed or newly arranged since it was made. He bore a common kuttar in his girdle, but was encumbered with no other weapons. Previous to eating, the tall man withdrew the pistols from his girdle and placed them by his side on the ground. By this time it was highly necessary that I should think about something to eat, for I was in truth almost famished. To have begged either of the tall or short man would, I could clearly see, be as idle as to beg of the stones under my feet : these men might perhaps have thrown me their scraps, which my caste would not admit of my accepting. I therefore required money, or if I could not obtain that, a little raw rice would have been acceptable. The short man seemed to

have a good supply of this last commodity ; and impelled by want, I ventured at last to beg the loan of a *jeen* of it, assuring him I would repay him when I reached my journey's end. He looked very hard at me, and then asked if I really thought he was fool enough to be cheated out of his rice by such a man as I was. "Repay me, indeed !" said he, "you know that must be a lie. Pray, in the first place, where is your journey to end, because we may be going different ways?"—"Why," replied I, "my journey lies towards Asseerghur."—"This means, I suppose," observed he, "that you are going to Asseerghur?"—"Certainly."—"Then what need was there of your saying your way lay towards Asseerghur? Do you think it likely I shall bestow my rice on one who equivocates so much as you do!"—

“He is a liar,” observed the tall man; “give him rice indeed! here is something would suit him better” (taking up one of the pistols)—at which the short man laughed most heartily. I began to augur that no rice would now fall to my share, and I sat suffering the torments of hunger, until the two fellows had finished their repast. The tallest man, having washed his mouth and cleaned his white teeth, approached me as I sat on a stone in the doorway, looking down upon me as he would do upon a reptile which he had half a mind to trample upon out of sheer wantonness. I did not dare to raise my eyes to gaze on this formidable personage, but sat perfectly silent, suffering the keen pangs of hunger. After some time had elapsed, the fellow said, “Who are you, and what is your business

at Asseerghur?" This was indeed a perplexing question ; I knew if I told the real truth my life would be in danger, if these men chanced to be connected with Trim-buckje's schemes ; and if I replied I had no business there, I should be looked upon with suspicion : if I made myself a person of no consequence, I should be despised ; and if I made any pretensions, I should be deemed a liar with very good reason. Never did I before feel my nothingness so much as on this occasion. At last I ventured to say, " and who may you be that thinks yourself authorized to question another respecting his objects in travelling ?"—" Oh, what !" said the fellow in reply, " you are going to vapour, are you ? you would make us believe you are a great man, would you ?"—" No," I answered, " I have no such de-

sign ; I am no great man, nor am I quite so great a fool as you would consider me.”—

“ Poh,” said he, “ I don’t know that—it is not very politic for beggars to be saucy.”

—“ Who begged ?” I asked. “ Did you

not beg rice of us ?” said he. “ I requested

a loan,” I replied ; “ which, had my re-

quest been granted, should have been re-

paid, provided we travelled the same road ;

but since you are so supercilious, pray keep

your rice to yourselves ; keep away from

me, I am not accustomed to associate with

people of all castes.”—“ What, impudent

villain !” said the tall man, “ do you pre-

tend to be of a higher caste than a choo-

mar ?” *—“ I shall not dispute with you,” I

answered ; “ I know my caste, and how to

preserve it unspotted.”—“ Let us hang the

* One of the very lowest caste.

fellow, "cried the short man; " he will be a high caste fellow, a high caste Hindoo then, in truth."

This wit amused the two fellows greatly, and they prepared to lie down after their meal. They had endeavoured to provoke me into abusing them or striking them, and now, though they were both inclined to sleep, they indulged themselves in scoffing at me. The tall man said, "Hollo, you choomar, get out of the durhm sallah; no Hindoo will enter it if you sit on the threshold."—" *Arry M,ha,raj,*" cried the short man, "what is the matter?" — "*M,ha,raj a che pôt b'hooch lāglē,*" replied the other—meaning that his majesty's belly was hungry. They shouted with laughter at this joke; but I still sat silent, obliged to hear all and bear all with patience. They

continued their jeers until they dropped asleep.

As soon as I was certain it would not awake them, I crept softly to the side of the tall man, and took up one of his pistols to see if it was loaded; but what was my surprise on discovering them to be the pistols stolen from me by the Thugs, when on my way to Kandeish with Sagoonah! I knew them to be mine by a particular mark on the stocks. One was loaded, the other appeared to have been lately discharged, as the pan bore marks of powder having been recently inflamed in it; and the position of the lock proved my conjecture to be correct. Could these fellows have been inhabitants of the forlorn residence which I had left not long before, and where I was so nearly paying a high price

for my curiosity? Perhaps it was my own pistol which had been fired at me, and the tall man was the person who did it. I became convinced I was right in my conclusion; for they said they were going to Asseeghur, or they should meet at Asseeghur. Perhaps only one of them was in the house, and he had been subsequently joined by the other on the road: that they were all united in one common league of interest appeared evident. I now laid down the pistols, and left the place in search of food.

CHAP. VI.

I WAS reduced by hunger almost to the last extremity consistent with the power of action; and I succeeded, at length, in relieving my necessity, by applying to the potail of the village, and pawning my turban to him for rice. Thus I was obliged to bare my head to satisfy the cravings of my stomach. Fortunately, I had a worn-out red shawl around my waist, which I transferred to my head; so that my appearance at present bespoke my real character, as to the state of my finances. I was now a mere *shack*—a pennyless vagabond. My white coat was loose, for want of a *kumberbund*, and my head looked of an

enormous size; because, instead of a neatly-folded turban, it was covered with my loose shawl, the end of which sometimes flapped down over my eyes. My beard had not been smoothed with a razor for many days; my shoes were worn out at the toes, and my trowsers torn at the knees. Thus may some idea be formed of the wretched plight in which I appeared.

On returning to the durhm sallah, the tall man was awake, and sitting upright examining his pistols. "English," said I, alluding to their make. "Aye," said he; "and hard work I had to get them. I should think I fought at once with four or five English troopers before I got them."—"Four or five!" said I. "Aye, four or five!" he replied; "but I conquered them, and these are part of my spoil!"—"You

let the women go, then, I suppose?"—
"Women! how should you know there were any women present?" he rejoined.
"I happen to know it well," said I. "O, then you have met with one of the English troopers who got away?"—"Not I," I replied; "I have met with no run-away Englishmen; they are not so often put to flight, as we know to our cost."—"Then how could you know about the women?" he observed. "Why," I replied, "because I happened to know the women themselves."—"So do I," replied the fellow. I then asked if he had seen them since: upon which he said he had a great mind to blow my brains out for my impertinence, and wondered how I could suppose him fool enough to answer my queries. I assured him I had no wish to pry into his secrets;

and, moreover, I would assist his memory, if I could. “Why, you hypocrite!” said he; “do you think I did not recognize you as the fellow who was with the women?”—“O, then, you did not contend with five English troopers at all, I find!” said I. “Why, I must own that is a lie,” he remarked. “Do you think, then, I did not recognize you as the man who forced my pistols from me?”—“Aye, that may be,” said he; “but I still think you lie!”—“Well,” I rejoined, “as you were candid enough to confess you had deviated from the truth, I will confess that I had no recollection of your person; but I could swear to my pistols.”—“What! at this distance of time?” he observed. “Yes, my friend,” said I; “because I examined them while you were sleeping.”—“You are, then, the

most audacious vagabond I ever met with !” said he. I told him that might be ; for, at any rate, I always possessed a good share of curiosity ; which he told me to take care I did not pay too dearly for, some time or other. He then wanted to know how I came with the women, and if I was related to them : I replied in the negative, in a very careless manner, that I was only hired to protect them as far as Kandeish ; and that, between ourselves, I had robbed them long before he enticed us out by making the birds chirp. He inquired if they never suspected me ; and I said they did not, for they could not ; as I could answer for it, they believed every thing I ever said, even to this day. The fellow then observed, that now, perhaps, they were more wary. I said, that probably they were so now, since their

fate had led them among strangers; and then, as I recollected, I used to observe they were very suspicious: “but what now signifies it, my friend,” said I, “where they are, or what they are?”

While the tall man was thinking what answer to make to this, his companion awoke. The latter evinced no little surprise at discovering his comrade in earnest conversation with me—the choomar, as he had, not long before, thought fit to designate me. The tall man then bid me cook my rice; and he would talk to me again after my meal. I turned away, wondering where all this mystery would end, and from what cause this sudden civility arose. While cooking my rice, the two men whispered together in a corner, and appeared to be

very earnest upon the subject on which they were engaged. The tall man was trying to persuade the short one to join in some new arrangement, and in so doing he encountered considerable opposition from his comrade. That their conversation implicated myself I did not doubt, both from the manner and tone in which they argued, and the way they occasionally regarded me. When I had devoured my rice, the tall man beckoned me to take my seat beside him. "My friend," said he, "we need your help in a difficult, and even dangerous affair. You shall be liberally rewarded, and shall succeed to some lucrative situation under Scindea's government ——" "That is," interrupted the short man, "if you are successful, and play no tricks; for you must

beware of treachery towards us! Death will be your fate, if you attempt to deceive us!"

Having considered a little while, and urged by the hope of gaining a clue to the discovery of Sagoonah, I consented to enlist in their service, provided they would inform me of the true character of the duties required of me. I told them I demanded this not from motives of curiosity, because their business could not interest me in any way except in aiding in effecting their objects; that I entered their service from necessity and sheer want, and that I demanded these particulars, and an account of the service I was going upon, and the individuals concerned therein: because, as I was to proceed by artifice and cunning, the least blunder might cost me my life;

and even if I escaped evil from the party opposed to us, I might find it difficult to persuade those in whose service I embarked, that I was innocent of things they might impute to me—perhaps charging me with treachery instead of mere error. The two fellows now consulted together again, and came to a determination to confide to me the particulars of the business in which they were employed. They observed, however, that the place we were then in was too public for commencing a narrative of what they wished to communicate, and bade me follow them, and they would lead me to a retired place for the purpose, which no one knew but themselves.—“Stop,” said I; “how am I to be certain of being safe in your company?”—“Dolt,” said the short man; “what good will your death do us? Think

you your old rag of a shawl and those handsome trowsers are worth our killing you for? Here, take this pistol, and if we attempt to harm you"—“Enough,” said I, accepting the weapon; “lead on.” They did so accordingly, and I followed. I asked the tall man his caste as we went along; he told me he was a Goud, and one of the twelve hundred horse that infested Souduana; his comrade was a Bheelalah, and both formerly served Trim buckje Danglia, until they quarrelled with him about pay and left him. “That Trim buckje!” said I; “he is a most ungrateful villain!”—“You know him then?” was the reply, “and have suffered, too, from his ungrateful conduct?”—“I am, in truth, a sufferer from him,” I observed: “but for me, he would still have been a prisoner. I

effected his escape from Tannah ; and, instead of rewarding me, he left me to beggary and want.”—“ You would, then, like to be revenged upon him ?” observed the tall man.”—“ I should, indeed,” I replied ; “ for I owe him a deep grudge.”—“ You will have the opportunity, then,” said the short man, who, till now, had been silent : “ the very service we are engaged upon will, if we succeed, make Trimbuckje mad with rage ; and not merely that alone, but will withdraw his attention from affairs of a more serious nature, and thus ruin him beyond redemption—but we approach our secret halting-place.”

My guides now led me a most intricate road, among hills, deep valleys, and impenetrable woods, until we reached a cave, wherein was an idol, such as I had never

before seen, nor could my companions afford me any information respecting it. Behind the idol was a door, which opened by a secret spring. Through this door we passed, and, having reclosed it, found ourselves in a small square stone chamber. Here, then, was the place where my curiosity would be gratified, and I hoped to obtain tidings of Sagoonah. This chamber, I could clearly perceive, had been before inhabited by my companions, or probably resorted to by them when necessity compelled them to seek shelter behind the friendly god. Mats, pots, pans, and oil, with lamps and cocoa-nuts, bespoke a secret haunt of desperate villany. One of my companions lighted a lamp within; when we entered and seated ourselves.

Upon the present occasion, as, indeed,

for the most part previously, the tall man was spokesman. He began by saying, that, before he entrusted me with the motives that prompted both him and his companion to their present objects, and before he mentioned the name of their employer, it was proper to state, that they had pledged their lives to perform the duty they had undertaken. When they first agreed to embark in this service, they did not apprehend the difficulties that now stared them in the face; and, in truth, circumstances had arisen which had contributed to thwart and counteract all their attempts. Chance had now thrown in their way the person of all others who could render them assistance, and that person was myself. He then stated that, if I succeeded in what I should have to undertake, I should receive two

thousand rupees as a reward, besides employment under a government where we should all enjoy lucrative situations. That it was not too late for me to decline the service required of me; and if I did so, I was at liberty to go away wherever I pleased; but if I behaved treacherously, my death was certain; they could be with me when I least suspected them, and escape would be impracticable. Here I signified I knew that was likely to be true, and that I was ready to do my best, but could not promise success, as I did not know what was expected from me. "True," said my tall companion; "all we ask from you is fidelity, and a firm attachment to the cause you have undertaken to support. Accidents and disappointments may render all your attempts abortive in serving us; but

nothing besides the most determined treachery can prevent your doing your best, and being secret and firm to the cause you undertake." I promised to be faithful, fully determined, if Sagoonah were involved in their objects, to thwart them by every means in my power. The shortest man of the two now bade me recollect, that it was no trifling affair in which I had engaged: of which I said I was fully aware; and the tall man then told me, that he and his companion were employed by Gunput Rao Mahadeo, the lawful successor to the musnud of Sattarah. I observed here, with some surprise, that I thought he had long ago bade adieu to the world, and having become a sunyassee, had never been heard of since; that he had a son also. They said he had, and that he was now in search

of him, having had the most positive assurance of his existence. "He is alive," thought I to myself, "and there is little doubt but Mahadeo, the first Pindaree, is the son the father is seeking after." Of this, however, I did not say a word to my present companions, nor shew any marks of surprise at feeling that it must be so. My informant now assured me, that Gunput Mahadeo was alive, as well as his son, and that the father was searching for the son, to complete a marriage between him and a female; who, if united to him, might be the means of elevating the father to the government of Sattarah; and, after his death, his son also. "But how, my friend," I interrupted, "can an alliance with the girl raise both father and son to the musnud?" In reply, I was informed that "the uncle of the

girl was at Sattarah, immensely rich; that the deposed rajah was imbecile, and for a good round sum would not hesitate to declare Gunput Rao his lawful successor to the crown; nay, in all probability, would resign the musnud in his favour before he died; or, if not, he would, for a large sum, secure the throne to Gunput after his own demise; for money was his god, as it is the god of all feeble minds. Now the uncle of the girl could raise a crore of rupees, if needful; and, distressed at the absence of his niece, he had had an interview with Gunput Rao, who prowled about in the habit of a gossein, and was reputed to be very skilful, and to render great assistance to those who consulted him. While asking advice of the gossein, the uncle little thought he was consulting the pretender to

the throne; nor would he ever have known it, had not the gossein himself discovered the secret, at the same time promising to find the girl about whom the rich man was so anxious, and then to try and discover his own son, and marry them. Thus the girl would become queen of Sattarah, if the rich man would consent to the match. The latter was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing any one of his relations raised to govern a kingdom, and promised Gunput Rao, if he could discover his niece, to consent to her marrying his son as a reward; and that he would spare no money or pains to raise him to the throne, which, after his decease, the young couple must naturally occupy. It appeared that Gunput Rao inquired by what means he might recognize the female of whom he should go in

search; and he was informed that her name was Sagoonah"—(here I could scarcely conceal the emotion this intelligence produced)—“and that she wore round her neck a bead-necklace, with a talisman, which the uncle authorized Gunput to open. The contents, he said, were three grains of corn, a small antique coin——‘The coin was of copper,’ the gossein observed. ‘How can you know this?’ asked the uncle. The gossein then related a story about the alleged murder of such a girl at Poona, and that every person there supposed she was actually no more, but that he knew the reverse to be the truth. The inquiry respecting her death, and the examination of her necklace, took place in the open durbar; and he himself said he saw the grains of corn and money. The uncle then inquired if he saw no

writing contained in it? The gossein replied in the negative. 'That is fortunate,' said the uncle, 'because my wife, knowing the girl's father was ruined by some gosseins, feared Sagoonah would also become the victim of this class of persons; and therefore she enclosed in the talisman a written caution, warning her to beware of such people. Now your present character is one best suited to gain admission to the girl, provided she has not been prejudiced by this warning; wherever she be, I authorize you to force her hither, if stratagem fail. Of me,' continued the uncle, 'she has no recollection, nor her aunt either; and a letter to her would be most likely looked upon as a forgery.'

"Thus authorized, our employer was still of opinion, that the warning against gos-

seins might have got into the hands of Sagoonah, as he recollected that the person deputed to open the talisman was her avowed protector; and that no time was to be lost in following his footsteps. He took leave of the uncle at Sattarah, and journeyed to Poona, where he employed a gossein to hunt out Sagoonah, and a man who accompanied her, named Pandurang Hàrì. The latter, if it was necessary, might be despatched out of the way; but Sagoonah and her aunt must be conveyed to the spot where we then were, and final orders would be given respecting them. By some unknown means the plan miscarried; and the gossein entrusted with its management was dangerously wounded, and lost all traces of the females. It was I," said the tall man, "who informed Gunput Rao's mes-

senger where to find the two women, whom I recollected I had robbed near Kandeish, and that they were accompanied by a man whose person I could not describe on account of the darkness. There was also a second man, I supposed a bullock-driver, in company. After being robbed, I imagined they all went back to the village from whence we enticed them. You were the man, then, it seems, who accompanied these women. Are you Pandurang Hàrì?"—"Not I," was my reply, with boldness; "my name is Ramje Goobie: I was employed, about the time you mention, to escort the women to Kandeish: I believe they placed great confidence in me."—"Who employed you?" inquired the tall man. "That I cannot tell you," was my reply, "because I do not know his name—

I was well paid, however.”—“Do you think it was that Pandurang Hàrì, of whom I spoke before, who employed you?”—“Perhaps it was,” I replied; “but I have never troubled my head about it since: I was more grieved at losing my money and pistols than any thing else.—But did the gossein ever catch the women?”—“He never did, though he made many attempts: they were too well on the watch against the arts of that class of people.”

“Having left the service of Trimluckje,” continued the last speaker, “I have been employed since by the gossein, who though still in Trimluckje’s service, is his decided enemy. It appears that Trimluckje having conceived a passion for this very girl, determined to seize her, and place her in his harem, and had given orders to that effect,

when he was arrested and escorted to Tannah. The man to whom he issued orders for this purpose, was the collector of the village where Sagoonah resided. He obtained possession of the women by force, and has concealed them somewhere that none of us can discover ; but we have strong suspicions they are in the fortress of Asseerghur. The gossein, who had actually been dismissed from Trimbuckje's service, upon finding his plans differ so much from those of his master as far as respected Sagoonah, thought it would be still highly advantageous to himself to get on the same footing as formerly in Trimbuckje's family. Having been applied to, therefore, to aid his escape from Tannah, he acceded, and again entered his employ. The gossein, however, has never been able to find out where Sa-

goonah is concealed, and he has engaged us in the attempt to discover the secret. We have learned that there are two women in the fort of Asseerghur; but whether they are those we seek we should not know if we were to see them, our employer himself not being able to give us any very accurate description of their persons. Now, then, we wish you to enter the fort, see the women if possible, claim an acquaintance with them, and persuade them to accompany you from the fort. This must be achieved by bribery and artifice, and when done you have only to deliver them up to us.”—“But is it likely,” I said, “that Trim buckje could get the women into Scindea’s fort?”—“Trim buckje,” said one of my companions, “is a great friend of Bassoo Scindea’s, one of the generals of whom you may have

heard, in the history of the Scindea family, as commanding large but insubordinate armies. This Bassoo keeps the women in close confinement, from which it will be your duty to release them.”—“Are there no orders to give him about the goatherd in the glen?” observed the short man, “he may as well——.”—“Peace!” said the tall man; “we can manage that:—we have no more work for you at present, Ramje,” said he, “but what you already know.”

Much as I wished to ask some other, and to me highly important questions, I dared not do so. I only inquired, in the first place, the nearest way to the fort. They directed me to go through a thick jungle, and then across a plain, after which I should enter a second wood. On emerging from thence I should find myself in a deep

glen, in which was a goatherd's cottage. This I was not to enter, but to proceed until I reached the open plain, when I should see Asseerghur at about three coss distance from the border of the glen. I ventured to inquire whether Gunput Rao, the employer of my companions, did not occasionally pass by the name of Gabbage Gousla? They asked how I knew this. I had a reply in readiness, and told them that when I was employed to guard the two women to Kandeish, my employer told me a person named Gabbage Gousla was to be particularly avoided, and that he was a gossein. This seemed to satisfy the two men; but they again declared, that if I acted treacherously towards them, my life should pay the forfeit; and they asserted that the previous knowledge I possessed of

the persons of the two women, alone induced them to confide in me. My duty was to persuade the women I was a messenger from Pandurang Hàrì, who awaited them without the fort, but for certain reasons dared not trust himself within the walls. I ventured, without appearing too anxious, to ask how Gabbage discovered his son to be in existence. They informed me that a servant of Trim buckje's, named Nanna, had fallen in with a troop of Pindarees, one of whom related his history, and, from the peculiar circumstances he narrated, Gabbage became convinced it could be none other than his son. I was much surprised at this piece of intelligence, as I was at the singularity of Nanna's relating the son's history in presence of the father. I wished much to discover how Trim buckje had found

Sagoonah to be alive, after understanding that her death had taken place at Poona; but I dared not put further questions, and left it to chance to gratify me with this important piece of information.

CHAP. VII.

MY wallet being replenished, and ten rupees paid me in advance, I prepared to set out for Asseerghur. It may be considered certain that if I succeeded I had no intention of bringing the women to the place agreed upon, though I had made a promise of so doing. Yet I well knew the consequences that would follow this treachery, and that as long as I lived it must be in a state of perpetual anxiety and terror, lest either the meagre form of the tall man, or the squab figure of the little one should cross my steps: nevertheless, I set off on my enterprize. While creeping through the small iron door for that purpose,

I saw that a strong bolt was affixed on the outside, and as soon as I was clearly out and the door closed again, I drew it across into its place, and consigned the two men to a lingering and terrible death ! There was no other egress from the chamber. They heard the grating noise that sounded their knell of destruction. They attempted in vain to open the door ; they screamed, and were then silent for a time, then burst out into louder curses on my head and on their own folly. Then they quarrelled, and ended their altercation with deep and bitter groans. Their's was a horrible destiny—to be eaten up by famine, to waste into death ! But were they not plotting against others ? and those, too, far dearer to me than mine own existence ? Was not my Sagoonah to be their victim ? and were they not scheming

mischief against the poor goatherd they spoke of in the glen—perhaps to murder him? These considerations, and the consciousness that to frustrate the schemes of such men by such means was fully justifiable, bore me up, and afforded me consolation in respect to the justice of what I had done.

Night had now come on, and I feared to enter the first jungle at that season, though I kept as near it as I could to avoid the groans and maddening screams that came from the cell in which my victims were immolated. I could not get beyond the hearing of them. At times I was almost tempted to go and seal my own destruction by unbarring the portal—the cries of suffering so softened my heart! When I recollected they were still men like myself, a chill of

horror came over me; but reason after many struggles resumed her seat, and the memory of Sagoonah's security again fixed my tottering resolution. The owl and the bat flitting across my face, added to the impression of that terrible hour. The wild beasts howled in the jungle; once more I went to avoid them towards the cave, as I had done several times before, but the yells of the miserable captives drove me away. Again I reached the entrance of the outer cave, through which their groans echoed and almost palsied my heart, and again I returned toward the jungles. At last I summoned resolution to fly from the damps of the frowning rocks, in which the cave was scooped, for ever, and to leave my prisoners to die. A friendly tree, as far off from the spot as I could venture in the

darkness, gave me shelter in its boughs for the night from beasts and men, and at dawn of day I pursued my journey through the first jungle.

The entrance into such a place, and at so early an hour, was highly dangerous; yet I longed to remove myself as far as I could from the neighbourhood of the cave, and to get nearer Sagoonah. As I went along I shook the limbs of the lower kind of under-wood, and disturbed the birds of prey roosting among them, that fluttered away with shrill shrieks. The roar of a tiger not far from me made me hastily conceal myself behind a large tree on the opposite side whence the sound came. A second roar appeared to be very close by, and I lost not a moment in ascending the tree before the eye of the savage should flash upon me. It

was then the hour of grey dawn, rendered more obscure by the forest foliage; but I could still see objects very distinctly for some distance around me. I had not sat long on a huge overhanging branch, when two enormous tigers issued from the thickest part of the jungle in a violent struggle for some heavy body in which their fangs were plunged: they came directly under where I sat, and I perceived they were contesting for the body of a man that appeared completely lifeless. “Who could the unhappy victim of these animals have been? where were they dearly united to him in life—the wife, the children, or the parent—who would never know his fate?” This thought crossed me rapidly when I saw the body between the two animals, which neither dared to feed upon for fear of his antagonist.

They stood glaring frightfully at each other, then growling furiously, and lashing their sides with their long tails in the utmost rage. At last one of them went off, and the other appeared for a considerable time to be sucking out the blood of the unfortunate man : he then slowly left it, as if gorged to satiety with the fluid of life. The ornaments and part of the man's dress lay on the ground by the body, and I determined to descend and secure them, when I could do so with safety. It was with no little pleasure I saw the creature walk away into the dense part of the wood to take its repose, as is the habit of these animals in the day. I then descended from the tree, and searched the body of the dead traveller, which had been sucked till it was dry and light; not a bone was touched, nor the flesh

any where very deeply torn. I found what I searched for tied round the loins of the corpse : it was a silver waist-chain or *kur-doorah*, which I transferred from the dead to a living body. There were also two massy silver rings for the wrists, and a chain round the left ankle, which I secured with no great difficulty. I found no money upon the body at first, and I therefore concluded it might have fallen on the spot where the tiger first seized the unhappy man, a little distance off. I tracked the place by the blood, where the progress of the traveller had been fatally arrested. There I discovered a red turban, shoes, and some other articles which had belonged to him ; but above all, a bundle of letters or papers, which I placed in the folds of the turban, and planted the latter on my head.

hoping to pry into their contents at some more convenient opportunity. I also found an hircarrah's staff.* This convinced me that the unfortunate man had been a courier in the service of some great person, whose correspondence I had a strong inclination to peruse.

Fearing to remain longer on that spot, lest I should encounter a fate similar to that of the hircarrah, or, what was worse, fall into the hands of the men whom I had bolted up in the cave, if any chance should effect their liberation ; I pushed on through the jungle as fast as I could, and did not once venture to look behind me. Having gained the open plain, I sat down under a large tree, and there indulged my curiosity by examining the directions of the letters.

* A small javelin borne by couriers and messengers.

What was my surprise to find two directed to Trimbuckje Danglia Behauder, at Poona ! These I broke open directly, and one of them was as follows:—"To the illustrious, mighty, benevolent, and just Trimbuckje Danglia Behauder, the source of all justice, this letter from the friend of his heart Bassoo Scindea, killehdar of the world-towering fort of Asseerghur, conveys the melancholy news that the two females, Allaya Bhae and Sagoonah Bhae, being guided by the star of destiny, have, by means unknown to this friend of the merciful Trimbuckje Danglia, unfortunately made their escape from the fort. In the hope of retaking the fugitives, horsemen have been despatched different ways, besides many hir-carrahs and spies in disguise, to all parts of the country, who have returned without

success. By the aid of Ishwur, this attached friend has determined to move mountains and to drain rivers, in attempting to find their place of concealment; which having done, an hircarrah camel, swift as the wind, shall be sent off to Poona to the illustrious Trimbuckje Danglia, to give him the joyful intelligence. May glory, honour, fortune and wealth attend his footsteps.”

Thus terminated the first letter, and thus ended my hope of finding Sagoonah at the fort of Asseerghur. Though I rejoiced at her escape, yet it was a sort of disappointment to me to have lost the only clue by which I could trace her footsteps, and to have all to begin over again. The second letter I opened began thus:—“ To the beloved and most friendly Trimbuckje Danglia, the writer of this letter, Bassoo

Scindea, gave, in a heart-rending despatch, news of the escape of two females placed under his care; he now begs leave to remind his attached friend, that the captives, having been in the fort for two months, incurred these the following expenses, for which a *hoondie** from Poona in favour of this firm friend, will be most acceptable.

	R. Qr.		
Rice and ghee, from 1st kastick to the pre-			
sent date, for one captive, Allaya Bhae	15	2	63
Do. Sagoonah, rice only	11	3	0
Dhal, onions, carrots, &c.....	6	2	75
Firewood.....	9	3	0
Two old beds, and mending one	20	0	0
Two mats, one old.....	5	2	0
Tobacco for Allaya Bhae	6	3	0
Hookah	2	2	0
Red Sarry for Allaya Bhae	30	0	0
Chowley for ditto.....	10	0	0

* Bill of exchange.

	R.	Qr.
Sorry green for Sagoonah, gold border....	45	0 0
Chowley, red, for ditto	12	0 0
Shoes and slippers	4	0 0
Paid for servants and attendants, &c.	15	0 0
	Rupees	195 3 38

“ The hoondie for this account may be despatched as soon as convenient.

“ Farewell.”

I was much diverted by this “ firm friend’s” disinterested kindness, and the strong love of Bassoo Scindea for Trim-buckje Danglia. The latter would, had he been circumstanced in a similar way, have done precisely the same thing, and would have had as little chance of getting repaid as the kind Bassoo Scindea had now, especially since his letters had got into my hands. These accounts were no doubt base

fabrications on the part of Bassoo; a very small part of these expenses was really incurred by my dear friend and her aunt. There was also a third letter, addressed to a Brahmin, Succaje Punt, containing nothing that could interest me.

I now arranged my dress in the best way I could, and by the aid of the hircarrah's red turban, silver bangles, and waist-chain, I cut a very respectable appearance. I began to consider where I should bend my steps. I had now no business at Asseerghur, nor in any place in that direction. I wandered undetermined on, until I found myself in the second jungle, into which I entered with trembling steps. I passed through it without meeting with either tigers or men, and soon found myself in the glen described by the tall man. It was a place

fitted to enact the most bloody and pitiless crimes—in every respect a den for murder. On all sides arose lofty dark rocks, topped by the majestic peepal trees, the branches of which, meeting above, cast beneath them a darkness that one almost shuddered to be involved in. Torrents pouring down deep gulfs, rugged rocks, and broken masses of fallen stone, rendered it extremely difficult to find out the proper path, which continually wound around or between them. Having proceeded onwards some distance, I saw a miserable cottage perched on a point of rock close below a wooded precipitous height, which I concluded must be that of the goatherd. I clambered to the door, and knocking, it was opened by a venerable aged man, who demanded my business. I apologized for interrupting his

quiet, and begged he would allow me a corner of his verandah in which to cook my rice, and give me a few sticks to light my fire. He pointed out a place to which he told me I was welcome, and I began my cooking; though I had much rather have had nothing more to do than to converse with the old man. As I proceeded he examined me closely, and enquired at last whence I came, and whither I was going—the old questions, which all the world seemed privileged to ask me. I told him my first destination was Asseerghur, but——“But what?” interrupted the old man in a sharp tone. “Why, nothing,” said I. “Which means,” observed he, “that you do not choose to inform me your reasons for deviating from your original intentions.” “There have unexpected events happened,”

I replied, “which have prevented my going to Asseerghur. What these events are, my short acquaintance with you does not warrant me in disclosing.”—“I admire your prudence, my friend,” he remarked; “in this world of misery, one has need to keep one’s own counsel.”—“I intend to keep mine,” said I, “I assure you.”—“Then I would advise you not to wear that silver chain so openly around your waist, especially as blood tells tales.”—“Blood!” I exclaimed. “Aye, my friend, blood!” he replied; “is it possible that you have stained your hands with murder?”—“Indeed,” said I, “you wrong me by the unjust suspicion.”—“Wrong you!” he observed; “it was but yesterday I saw that silver chain round the waist of an hircarrah of Asseerghur, and, if I mistake not, those

bangles also—and now you wear them, spotted as they are with blood ! You also tell me you were first going to Asseerghur, and then that circumstances lead you another way—I hope I am wrong in supposing those circumstances are robbery and murder.”—“ You never were more wrong in your life,” I rejoined ; “ I am no murderer.” I then explained to him all the particulars of my witnessing the tiger scene, and of my picking up the ornaments of the man who was killed, and that I would give them to any of the relations of the poor man if I knew them, or should ever chance to meet with them.

There was an openness in my manner which seemed to please the old man, and he gave credit to my story ; but advised me not to wear property so obtained in that open

manner; it might be recognized by friends or relatives of the dead, and there were plenty who were always disposed to give the worst colouring to a circumstance of the kind, when I might have a hard matter to persuade them into a belief of my having uttered the truth—a tiger would be made of me, and plenty of guns would be levelled at me.—I thanked him for his kind advice, and promised to be more cautious. Having now eaten my rice, I deemed it to be my duty to warn the goatherd of his danger, and of the means I had taken to screen him for the present from his pursuers. “It is impossible,” he exclaimed; “no one is pursuing me, nor have I now an enemy in the world; I had once, but those times are past.” Here he wiped away a tear from his eye, and seemed oppressed with the remem-

brance of some heavy sorrow or bitter recollection. His appearance spoke care, blended with a manly firmness of character. I admired his countenance; and it seemed as if I was drawn towards him by some extraordinary kind of sympathy, some unaccountable partiality. Both of us appeared anxious that we should know each other's situation, and unburthen our miseries. This was so strong a feeling with me, that I felt unable to account for its arising so suddenly, and the reflection of treachery, or fear of mischief to myself, alone restrained me from unbosoming; yet, if ever I felt certain that my confidence would not be misplaced, it was at that moment.

The goatherd appeared very anxious to have the persons of the men described who were meditating the interruption of his

peace, and perhaps conspiring to deprive him of his life. That either of these things was the real object of the men whom I had placed in durance, I could not positively assert ; I could only state, that his name and place of abode were mentioned in a very mysterious manner, by the two men who I trusted would be soon no more. By degrees, as the kind disposition of the goatherd unfolded itself to me, I related more of the conversation I had heard in the secret chamber of the idol, and I informed him of the plans of a man named Gunput Rao Mahadeo, the pretender to the throne of Satarah. On hearing this name, the old man grasped my arm as if clinging for support, and then let his head fall on my shoulder as if he were insensible. In a short time he recovered himself. The first

words he uttered were, “Young man, you are in error—Gunput Rao is no more; or if he really exist, he is dead to the world.”

—“Oh, then, you knew him?” I observed.

“I knew him too well,” he replied. Here

he folded his arms, and remained perfectly

silent for a considerable time; at last he

exclaimed, “It is impossible—he cannot be

alive!”—“There is too much reason to be-

lieve that he has put on the garb of a

gossein, and that he wanders about under

the name of Gabbage Gousla.” A heavy

sigh from the goatherd interrupted me, and

prevented my communicating further infor-

mation respecting this mysterious person.

“Young man, you have spoken the truth—

Gunput Rao lives — I have myself seen

him; but when we last met, little did I

think I entertained my inveterate foe within

these walls !”—“ He has then been here ?” I observed.—“ He has,” replied the goatherd ; “ and, under the name of Gabbage Gousla, has partaken of my homely fare.” He now described the face and figure of this arch-fiend so accurately, that I did not hesitate in declaring him to be the man who prowled about in the garb of sanctity, and, affecting to have resigned all worldly affairs, aspired to a throne. “ He shall not succeed, by Ishwur, and all the gods in the Védas,” cried the old man, with an energy and vehemence that astonished me. He perceived my surprise, and instantly composed himself, saying, “ Excuse my vehement behaviour, my friend—I keep you from your food. Eat, and then pursue your journey ; I will accompany you, for it indeed behoves me to provide for my safety.”

The goatherd now retired into an inner room, and I went on eating my rice. It occurred to me that this old man was the brother of Gunput Rao or Gabbage Gousla, whom Mahadeo, the first Pindaree, supposed to be murdered, and by whose account it was evident he was the true and lawful successor to the Satarah musnud.

The subject appeared to be of a nature far too delicate for any individual unconcerned in the event to touch upon; but I felt deeply the sorrows and injuries this unfortunate old man had undergone, and probably was yet doomed to undergo. He speedily returned to me, having a wallet at his back, and a few brass pans and pots in his hands. I lost no time in accompanying him, and we bent our steps through the lonely glen. The shades of evening ap-

proached, and cast a melancholy gloom around. We had proceeded but a short distance from whence we set out, when I asked my companion whither he intended to bend his steps. “Dost thou ask from an impertinent curiosity?” said the goatherd. I replied, “No, believe me, I ask from an ardent desire to serve you; and would guard you from the secret attacks of your enemies, if accident should ever enable me to be so useful.”—“I believe you to be sincere,” said he, “and we may meet again. If you should by any chance become acquainted with the machinations of the man called Gabbage, you cannot serve me better than by communicating them to me.”

To convince the old man how anxious I was to do him every kindness in my power,

I related the plans of Gunput Rao, or Gabbage, concerning the marriage of his son with a girl named Sagoonah. The old man groaned inwardly, but said nothing. I inquired by what means I could convey to him any information I might chance to acquire respecting him. He desired me to write to him under cover to Shewdhut Wanee, Indore. "Is it possible," I exclaimed, "you are going to such a distance?"—"Necessity compels me," he replied, "for there alone can I now expect a secure asylum."—"Should I be permitted to visit you," I added, "by what means can I gain access to your place of refuge?"—"Take this small silver ring," said he, presenting me with one of little value, on which was engraven a dove encircled by the

word "*sulamut*" (health, prosperity). Shew it to a wanee near the Mota Tullas,* in Indore; his name is Shewdhut: he will conduct you to my place of abode, provided my enemies allow me time to retire to it in safety."

By this time we had entered the plain, about three coss only from the fort of Asseerghur. The old man now inquired my intentions, and whither I proposed traveling. I replied, that I had wished a short time since to enter Asseerghur: but now that those whom I sought were no longer within its walls, I did not know where I should direct my steps. "Whom do you seek?" said he. I replied, "Two unfortunate women."—"How dost thou know they are not now in the fort?" I stated

* Great Tank.

that I had read the despatches of the kil-lehdar to Trimbuckje Danglia. “ Those despatches contain the truth,” said the goatherd ; “ the two women are really fled. Six nights ago, at the hour of twelve, my cottage-door was assailed with a violent knocking. I arose, and demanded why I was thus disturbed ; and a female voice begged me, in most moving terms, to admit two unhappy women, whose lives depended upon my acquiescence with their wish. I could not be deaf to such an appeal ; and ascertaining that they were alone, I opened the door and let them in. They called blessings down upon my head for my kindness to them ; and, in the course of conversation, I learned that they had fled from the fort of Asseerghur. One was a very young woman ; the other, more advanced

in years. The face of the latter I could scarcely see, and that of the former not at all, it being carefully veiled. I informed them that it was but too probable persons would be despatched in quest of them, and that if they were found in my cottage, ruin would fall upon us all. They told me that they intended to pursue their journey as soon as possible, and requested a small supply of raw rice, which I presented to them; at the same time urging a longer residence under my roof, or at least until morning dawned. They acquiesced in this arrangement; and when I arose in the morning, I found they were gone. This includes every particular I am acquainted with respecting these females and their escape, nor do I know whither they directed their steps."

The goatherd, hinting that no time must

be lost in effecting his security, turned into a narrow path, and bade me "farewell." As we parted he said, "We may meet again; if we should not, remember thy promise to convey to me any intelligence thou mayest think can be of importance to me." After his departure I stood several minutes in silence, reflecting upon the old man's conduct; and at length I sauntered on, dissatisfied, I knew not wherefore, towards the fort of Asseerghur. As matters had now turned out, and the women were secure, I repented seriously the having immured the two men in the secret chamber of the cave; I could have easily satisfied them of the escape of the two women, and have convinced them of the reality of the circumstance, when they would have agreed that I had done my best. They being satisfied of

this, would have rewarded me, and let me into more of their proceedings, wherein I could either have aided or counteracted them, as I thought proper.

I now began to think I could not do better than return and release them. It was but two days ago that I had immured them; and they could not in so short a time be starved to death, having, as I knew, rice sufficient left to last them at least for that period of time. Yet, what would be my reward for emancipating them, but certain death for my treacherous intention of destroying them! To retrace my steps, therefore, for the purpose of setting them free, involved my own safety, and would be little short of madness. To advance to the town of Asseerghur appeared useless; and to trace Sagoonah, a task utterly hopeless, seeing I

had not the most distant cue to the road she had taken. To stand in the open plain, undetermined, seemed the excess of folly; but on former occasions, when similarly circumstanced, I invariably met some person or persons who, though strangers, said something, or proposed some scheme, which induced me to accompany them. At this moment I saw not a living thing, and darkness was beginning to spread over the plain—would there be any risk in entering As-seerghur? In favour of so doing, there was the consideration that I knew no one there, and could not be recognized; but they might discover the silver chains of the unfortunate hircarrah, where he must have been so well known, and from whence he had started on his fatal errand. It would be rashness to attempt concealing these or-

naments about my person ; for, if discovered, as a thousand accidents might occasion them to be, suspicion must attach itself to me, and occasion my ruin. Thus pondering some time as to what it was most advisable to do, I at last made up my mind to await till morning near where I then was, and after daybreak find out some spot which I might easily recognize, where I might bury the silver articles securely, and afterwards enter the town.

CHAP. VIII.

HAVING come to the resolution mentioned in the preceding chapter, I lay down under a tree. To sleep was impossible, agitated as I felt by doubts and fears, both on Sagoonah's account and my own. The singular conduct of the goatherd also haunted my mind, and I gave up all idea of obtaining even a moment's repose. While I lay ruminating on these things, I fancied I heard footsteps approaching towards me; and listening more attentively, I found I was not mistaken. To remain where I was would expose me to robbery, perhaps to death. Seeing no other resource open for safety, I resolved to climb up the tree under

which I had been lying. I knew that I must not lose a moment; but, on attempting to mount, I found it was too large to climb. The voices came nearer; and, compelled me to relinquish what seemed my last hope, I hastily raked up the earth near the roots of the tree and buried my silver chains, concealing the ring given me by the goatherd in the folds of my turban. I then went a short distance off, and laid myself flat on the ground, trusting to the darkness of the hour for preventing my being observed. The voices seemed by this time to be very close to where I lay—they were near the tree; and I heard one of them say, “It is strange! we agreed to meet at the fort, yet there are no tidings of him—what can have detained him?”—“Oh, he has been smoking ganza, I suppose, and is fallen into a

two-days' slumber."—"It cannot be," said the first voice: "something unexpected must have happened at the cavern."—"What, think you the idol has visited him with his vengeance?" said the second.—"Nonsense," said the other. "This will turn out to be something very serious, depend upon it—Kokoo never failed in this way before."—"But he would be of no use were he here, now—the she-devils are fled, and how they got away is a mystery." Here the voices seemed retreating from me, and I could catch nothing more than detached expressions, such as "Trimbuckje," "old woman's business," and others of a similar nature. The direction taken by these persons was towards the road conducting to the glen.

I now arose and returned to my old place

near the tree, leaving my treasure still buried. I had no doubt but one of the men who had passed so near me was the same whom I had heard, in Sagoonah's dilapidated dwelling, appoint Asseerghur as the place where he was to meet his mysterious companion, who it seemed was also named Kokoo. Whether Kokoo meant the tall or short man whom I had barred in the cave I could not tell, and I sat waiting impatiently for the dawn of day. As soon as it had dawned I set out, and in an hour arrived at Asseerghur, where I found every one busy in preparing to garrison the fort, as war had commenced with the Peeshwa at Poona; Scindea, as well as the Berar Rajah, having combined to overwhelm the English troops. The cause of this war was the murder of the holy Shastree, on his

way from Guzerat, by the relentless Trim-buckje, the agent of the cruel Peeshwa Badjerao. The British Resident at Poona found it impossible to pass by this flagitious act unnoticed, and, as before related, insisted on Trim-buckje being delivered up to the English. Since his escape from their hands, the Peeshwa still continued to befriend him; and, deaf to all the remonstrances of the Resident (with whom he professed amity, as well as with his government), involved himself in hostilities against the English, in concert with Scindea and the Rajah of Berar. He felt confident of success; and, calling Mahratta ingenuity to his aid, caused a report to be circulated that a large body of Pindarees were within two days' march of Poona. The whole of the British force was instantly marched against them, and

the opportune moment chosen for striking an exterminating blow against the few British troops left in the city. These the Peeshwa imagined he should destroy very easily; but a regiment of Europeans arriving from Bombay, he became alarmed, and sent a vakeel to the Resident, requesting they might return to Bombay: this request was not attended to. The vakeel again visited the Resident, and conducted himself with great insolence; and at last, half unsheathing his sword, bade him prepare for war. This was not unexpected, and the Resident immediately quitted his house for the camp. He narrowly escaped; for the Mahratta rabble attacked, and setting fire to his house, completely demolished it. The main body of the English army was at this

time far distant in pursuit of the pretended Pindaree force, and only about one thousand men were left with the Resident, to make a stand against the almost innumerable forces of the Peeshwa. The people of Asseerghur were astonished at the valour of the English at the battle of Kirkee, where, with only two guns, they gained a decided victory over the tens of thousands of the Mahratta horse and foot, drove the Peeshwa from his capital, and took possession of his palace. These events had damped the courage of the people of Asseerghur, who, while lamenting the fate of the Poona Peeshwa, expressed their persuasion that Scindea, their master, would shew the conquerors a very different kind of game. I, however, who had seen him in the field,

had my doubts upon this subject, the expression of which I took good care to keep in profound silence.

Pennyless as I was, the idea of again entering the military service, of which I before thought I had enough, came into my mind. It was true that my duties would interfere with my search of Sagoonah; but it was equally true that, destitute of money, I could not, if I remained as I was then situated, follow up the pursuit. The chances of my military avocations might give me some direction, or lead me near the spot where she whom I loved had found a refuge. Those only who know what it is to be in an agony of doubt, such as I then was, can appreciate my sufferings. A female whom I tenderly loved was pursued up and down by powerful and violent men,

while her fate was unknown to me, and I could gain no trace of her footsteps; one who was a most ardent lover, and devoted his life and soul to his mistress, was even ignorant of her resting-place, and unable to afford her protection, even if he discovered her! What, then, could I do? What resource was left me? Was not my situation the most cruel on the face of the earth? Could I be blamed for my resolution? Bitter thoughts also hinted to me, that the enemies of Gunput Rao might even now have traced Sagoonah. Might she not at last accept the hand of his son, should he be discovered! Reflections like these almost drove me into madness. Others might be more fortunate in the circumstances of life than myself; but whose heart could be more devoted to the object of its regard! I lived

but for Sagoonah; and, though poor in fortune, I was rich in stored-up love—in the fortune of the heart—and in the pure ore of a constant and boundless affection.

While I was thus ruminating on my unhappy destiny, I saw a party of English sepoy's led in prisoners by some of Scindea's soldiers. One amongst them had his arms tied behind him, a circumstance for which I could not account. On going up to the culprit, what was my surprise on recognizing Fuzl Khan, the second Pindaree, and son of the sword-grinder and kabob-fryer at Broach. He did not appear to recognize me. On inquiry, I found he had been seized as a deserter from the English, and the sepoy's were leading him away, when a party of Scindea's soldiers took both captors and captive prisoners, and were then con-

ducting them to Asseerghur. Having made up my mind to try a soldier's life again, it appeared to me that Scindea's service was as likely to answer my purpose as any other, and that promotion was almost certain, either by my past experience, and consequent merit as a soldier, or by intrigue. With the intention of entering myself, I proceeded up the hill on the summit of which stands the strong fort of Asseerghur; and I reached the gates just as they were flung widely open to admit the prisoners and their guard. Admittance was readily given to the captives and their guard, but it was surlily denied to me. I was obliged to submit to numerous interrogations; and after waiting an hour, was only allowed to seat myself in the inner chowkee or guard-room. As soon as I was able, I

made my wishes known of being admitted as a soldier into the garrison; and I was conducted to a jummahdar of foot, who, being informed of my desire, accepted my services, and settled my pay. The former were likely to be very arduous, and the latter trifling enough. I was told, however, that I might scrape together by plunder a round sum of rupees. I was glad to hear this, not so much for the sake of pecuniary benefit, as because I should have a chance of being employed at a distance, and not be confined to garrison duty, which would entirely preclude the possibility of my discovering Sagoonah.

The jummahdar had a deputy named Nagoo. This fellow's real business was to deliver necessaries and pay, and to settle disputes between the soldiers; but as Mah-

rattas are not over-nice in fulfilling the services with which they are entrusted, this Nagoo made free with the pay of the men, and was always creating, instead of settling disputes. Nagoo was anxious to enlist in his master's corps as many simpletons as he could, "because," he observed, "your writers and readers foment quarrels, and know too much ; so that one cannot act as one chooses by them." No sooner did he hear my name announced (which seemed very high-sounding) than he summoned me to him. I had carefully predetermined to appear ignorant of reading and writing, because I feared that, by making myself useful, I might be detained in the fort, either in the treasury or arsenal. The before-mentioned disposition of Nagoo, of which I had been acquainted, induced me

to adopt this course. I followed his messenger, meditating all the way how I could, most advantageously to my own objects, affect the numskull.

It struck me that I might stumble upon some one of my former acquaintance in the person of Nagoo, and I begged the messenger, in a careless manner, to give me some idea of his person—this I said in the most careless way. The messenger told me he was a Mahratta. I asked if he was tall or short: and found he was a very short man. “Fair?” I asked, with no little perturbation. “Yes, fair.”—“And not much hair?”—“Not much,” replied the messenger. “Light eyes?”—“Very light.”—“Pray, is there a doctor in the fort?”—“O yes!”—“Do send him to me, then, for (pressing my hand on my stomach) I have the cho-

lera morbus coming upon me so bad, that I fear I shall die." So saying, I leaned against the wall, and off went the messenger for the doctor. What would I not have given in the interval to have been out of the fort, that I might have escaped meeting Nagoo or the doctor ! From the description, I apprehended Nagoo was the short man whom I had immured in the cave ; and, from my knowledge of doctors, I had reason to apprehend little less than actual torture.

The doctor soon came, attended by a boy carrying medicines, and what he called instruments. These, in reality, were only an iron salamander and a keen knife. He ordered me to be taken to the hospital. An attendant lifted me up, and flung me across his shoulders as a butcher does a sheep. I

was thus hurried across the fort to the hospital, a long building, without a single comfort of any kind. It sent forth the most disgusting effluvia I ever experienced. This horrid place, with the way in which I had been carried, my head hanging down in the midst of the burning sun, added to the expected torment from the doctor, was very likely to bring on the disease I had only pretended had affected me. I now considered also that an interview with Nagoo would ultimately be unavoidable; and I began to repent very bitterly my feigning sickness. I was first flung down upon a wooden bench, with a violence that, had cholera really been on me, would have relieved the doctor from further trouble. A dreadfully nauseous mixture was next poured down my throat through a horn.

No mortal was ever before so dosed: they poured on and on, as if they were filling a cask. Of course, they no sooner withdrew the horn, than the most terrible nausea caused me to eject its contents again. Then they poured away, and the same result was attained. The doctor shook his head sagaciously, and declared that he had never seen, in the whole course of his practice, so obstinate a case of cholera. The violence of the retching was so excessive, that, completely worn out, I closed my eyes almost in a state of insensibility. I was soon aroused from my rest by feeling the most excruciating pains over the stomach, proceeding from the doctor's infernal salamander, red hot, drawn over my irritated and half-exhausted stomach, with as little concern on the part of the operator, as a

farrier would feel when he was branding a horse. I roared with pain ; and, being vexed and maddened at what I had undergone, and enraged at the ignorance of the doctor, I sprang up, and seized him by the throat. I verily believe he would have tortured no more patients, had he not received assistance from the attendants in the hospital. I was now bound down to the bench by cords, and pronounced mad. Cold water was flung upon me, and barbers ordered in to shave my head, while the doctor prepared his salamander once more to inflict fresh tortures, by applying it to my head—a very judicious method of curing madness !*

How bitterly I repented the decep-

* Hot irons are substituted in the place of blisters, by the eastern native practitioners.

tion I had practised ! The short man whom I feared, could not have tortured me more than this accursed doctor, whom I heard boasting of the skill with which he had treated my cholera ; though, owing to my impatience, I had brought on a temporary insanity, which, Ishwur being favourable, his salamander would speedily remove. His assistant at this moment whispered in his ear something, which I supposed was a proposal to await a little time, and see how the disease turned : the doctor seemed rather unwillingly to assent, and I was left for an hour undisturbed. At the expiration of that time the doctor returned, and I endeavoured to convince the idiot of my sanity, by saying to him, “ Ah, doctor ! but for your profound skill, I must have died ! I

am relieved from the horrors of the cholera ! Can I ever be grateful enough to you for it !” This flattery I thought would be grateful to the fool—all fools love it—and I did not think wrong. He ordered me to be set at liberty immediately. I never forgave myself for using flattery to this fellow, except by reasoning that it, perhaps, saved my life. I am certain, indeed, that I could not have survived his cruel treatment much longer ; and yet this consideration will frequently, when I think of the time I was under his hands, hardly make me justifiable in my own eyes for the adoption of it.

As soon as I could do so, I set off towards the guard-room or chowkee ; but, near the door of the hospital, I saw the messenger of Nagoo the deputy. “ Come,” said he, “ as your cholera and your madness are now over,

Nagoo will be happy to see you." I said that it was late in the day, and I had had neither food nor rest. I urged the man to postpone the audience until the morning, or obtain Nagoo's consent so to do. He replied that he dare as soon propose delay to a tiger. "What!" I exclaimed; "is the deputy so fierce a fellow?"—"Indeed he is," answered the man; "and he has met with something very unpleasant lately, which has terribly ruffled his temper." This was almost sufficient to convince me that Nagoo was, after all, the man I feared; and that his recent incarceration in the chamber of the cave was the cause of his present irritation. I followed the messenger like a criminal going to the tree: every limb trembled as I approached the residence of the tyrant. There was just light enough to

discover the features of some one in the room; and what was my joy at beholding, not the mysterious short man whom I feared, but a perfect stranger to my eyes!

“Come hither, fellow!” was the first address of the self important deputy. “So you have had a touch of cholera, I understand?”—“I have,” I replied; “and but for your learned doctor, I must have died.”—“Well, we could have spared you, I suppose; we have dunces enough in this place: to have lost a scholar would have sadly grieved us!” It was fortunate I knew the real character of Nagoo, and his views in so addressing me; for any one who was not in the secret would have fallen into the trap laid for him, and have boasted of his learning. “I wish I could read and write,” I replied; “for then I should not

be under the necessity of carrying a match-lock."—"Then you don't read, eh? but you wish to learn, do you?"—"Not I, now," was my answer; "I am too old to begin."—"Perhaps it is as well you should remain in ignorance; you will find you can do better than a scholar. A soldier does not need a head to understand: ears to hear orders, eyes to see an enemy, and hands to fight him, are all he wants. What is the cause of a war to him? he must fight, be it right or wrong." Nagoo then asked if I should like to be employed outside or inside the fort? Of course I chose the outside service; giving as my reason, that there was greater pay and more variety in that service. "And greater risk, too," said Nagoo. I replied I could fight; and as to risk, I ran no greater than my comrades.

He then said I might draw upon him for my pay whenever I wanted it; and that he would advance any moderate sum for me, and draw my pay monthly himself. I thanked him, though I would have been gladly excused this kindness, as I could get my money through the regular channel; for I saw Nagoo intended to cheat me, and involve me in pecuniary obligations. I then took my leave.

I next proceeded to the guard-room, where the havildar demanded what he called tobacco-money—customary when a recruit entered the garrison. This demand I paid. Soon after, sundry other fees were required of me on different pretences, which I was obliged to give my consent to pay at some future period, not having a rupee left in my possession. I was exceedingly angry

with myself for allowing my fears to master my judgment as I had done, and for submitting to be blistered and physicked when there was no occasion for it. Though the description of Nagoo did correspond with that of the short man I had immured, and whose fate involved me in a horrid uncertainty; yet, had my fears allowed me time to reflect, I must have felt that Nagoo and the short man could not have been the same person; because I had been employed to gain admittance to the fort, which neither of my employers was daring enough to attempt. Moreover, had the short man been the jummahdar's deputy, he would have been, of all others, the best calculated, from his situation, to have liberated Sagoonah and her aunt. Some apology, however, I may claim, when the man-

ner in which I left the men at the cave is considered; and what would have been the result of their finding me, should they, by any chance, have escaped death, and have fallen in with me.

CHAP. IX.

IN the fort, I met, as might be expected, with Fuzl Khan, with whom I claimed acquaintance. He was astonished at seeing me there; and I longed to hear his adventures, and how he escaped from the Pindarees and fell into the hands of the English sepoy. Having got leave of absence for a few hours, to go to the town below the hill, we entered a liquor-shop, where Fuzl Khan told me that the Pindarees, having been defeated and driven in every direction, he, with difficulty, got away. I then asked after Mahadeo. Fuzl said he was a pious Pindaree—heart and soul in the cause—and that he had kept a very sharp look-out after

the new comers; that he grew enraged beyond bounds, when he found that Nanna and myself had fled; and, suspecting that Fuzl Khan would do the same, he narrowly watched until he put spurs to his horse, and then fired his pistol at him; but the ball passed over his shoulder, and left him untouched. What his fate was afterwards, Fuzl could not tell, but concluded he fell in the general massacre that followed; for, as he had since heard, the whole horde was nearly cut to pieces. I was disappointed in being thus left in a state of uncertainty respecting the son of the pretender to the Satarah throne; though I took care not to let Fuzl Khan know the cause of my anxiety respecting him. Fuzl had fallen in with a havildar's party of the regiment of sepoys from which he had deserted, and being

recognized, was instantly seized; but Scindea's soldiers had taken the whole party, and rescued him, and finally brought them to the fort, where he was released by the killehdar, and taken into Scindea's service, in which he was happy in calling me comrade.

Fuzl was still the same sort of fellow as before. He indulged in repeated glasses until the fumes got into his head, and then the events of his former life all crowded upon him. He imitated the rage of the old cazee, who had eaten the dog's-tail soup; then he would turn grave and play over again his old agonies at losing his money, falling upon me as if I had been the boy who won it from him at *ekı beki*; next he would laugh heartily, and cry out, "grind! fry! fry! grind!" as if his father and

mother were actually present, and carrying on their old altercations, as he had detailed them in the fort of the Pindarees : all this ended in Fuzl falling down insensible. I left him at the liquor-shop and returned to the fort, where I learned that Nagoo had been inquiring after me. I thought it my duty to proceed immediately to his house, and I was instantly admitted. He seemed pleased to observe my ready attention to his wishes ; and beckoning me to him, said, “ Pandoo, I have work for you ; can you be secret ? ” — “ Speak,” said I, “ and behold your slave.” — “ So you all say,” rejoined Nagoo ; “ but you must keep my secret as close as the oyster does the pearl.” — “ I will keep it closer,” I replied ; “ for the pearl is often, by the indefatigable fishermen of Ceylon, wrested from its innermost

cell. From me, neither artifice nor violence shall wrest your secret.” He was greatly pleased at this speech, and even condescended to present me with betel-nut and paun-leaf. Calling me into an inner apartment, and desiring me to sit down, he began by saying, “Pandoo, there is a woman”—(oh, how my heart beat!)—“there is a woman on whom I have bestowed thousands of rupees in golden ornaments.” This woman I thought must be Sagoonah. “Sagoonah!” I exclaimed, completely forgetting myself. “No, no,” said he, “her name is not Sagoonah; but no matter—this woman is my wife.” What a cruel disappointment to me! “Yes, my wife; why do you stare so? is it wonderful I should have a wife?”—“Oh, no,” I replied; “but it seems strange you should want to get rid of her.”—,, No,

no, Pandoo, I did not say any thing of the kind ; I only repent having given her so many ornaments, and I want to get them back again—that's all I mean : there is nothing strange in that, you know.”—“ No, but why not demand them of her ?” This, he said, would look shabby, and he should be laughed at ; he wanted to get them all back, and not let her know who it was had them. This is not shabby at all, I thought to myself. The narrow-minded wretch then told me he had a plan in his head which might succeed for doing this : that she was going a short journey, and would take her ornaments and money with her ; I was to enact the robber, and strip her of all her gold and jewels to the last grain, and bring them to him, and I should be well rewarded. I promised obedience, though secretly de-

terminated to disobey. Nagoo told me, that though obedience was my duty, he would merely wish that I should act as his friend in the present affair, because it was one of secrecy, and strictly confidential. This I admitted; but still I requested a companion or two, because a robbery such as he requested was seldom performed by a single individual. Nagoo hereupon observed, that he had no intention of trusting me alone—that he had a young man devoted to his interest, and he designed he should accompany me.

Having finished his nefarious business, as he thought, in the most advantageous manner for gaining his object, he arose and issued some orders to a servant who waited without; and in a short time this able assistant made his appearance in the person of my

friend, Fuzl Khan, scarcely recovered from the effects of his yesterday's debauch, though doing the best he could to conceal them from observation. "Come hither," said Nagoo.—"*Ram, Ram, M,ha,raj,*" replied Fuzl Khan, bowing to the earth, and nearly falling on his nose. "Why, how now, friend!" exclaimed Nagoo, "that was indeed a low bow: what is the matter with you?"—"Oh, my lord, I have—I mean, I am delighted with your summons, and cannot contain my joy."—"Well, then, here is a young man," pointing to me, "who pants for employment, and also for a clever companion, and I know no one more able than yourself to effect the object I have in view." Here Fuzl Khan exhibited enthusiastic joy, and bowed again, until his nose almost came in contact with the earth. Nagoo then

whispered to Fuzl his base plan respecting his wife; and Fuzl, who did not, it was evident, comprehend a single syllable of the conversation addressed to him, once more made his extravagant salaam. Our employer first whispering to me, bade me keep a strong check upon Fuzl Khan's conduct; and then whispered to him, no doubt, nearly the same thing respecting me. We were next furnished with passports to carry us from the fort and through the town. Nagoo told us that his wife would set out on the following evening, and we took leave. When we were fairly out of the house, Fuzl Khan came close to me, and asked what the old fool had been talking about all the time we had been with him. I told him he was about to seize his enemy's wife. Fuzl Khan observed, he had heard

something said about a wife, and inquired if he did not also talk about her ornaments. I replied, that he said she would be an ornament to the fort, as she was very beautiful. Fuzl Khan then reeled home to his lodgings, and I walked to mine.

At this time I lodged at the dwelling of an old camel-driver, and expected I might gain some valuable information from him respecting Sagoonah and her aunt. The old fellow had appeared very cautious, and only answered my distant questions by a surly grunt, something like that of one of his own camels. I ventured to say I had met with an old goatherd, who had informed me that the women had come to his cottage in the glen. I thought this piece of information might have drawn out the old fellow, and made him communicative; still

he replied only by his usual grunt, nor did it seem possible to render him conversable upon any point. Being heartily tired, I went to my mat immediately on my return from Nagoo. Just as I had fallen asleep, I was suddenly awakened by hearing a number of voices near me; and the old camel-driver entered my apartment, accompanied by several soldiers, who desired me to get up and follow them. I turned to mine host and asked an explanation of this unlooked-for affair; the only reply I could obtain was the old rascal's usual grunt. I made up my mind, therefore, to go with the soldiers, as resistance was fruitless. They took me to the killehdar of the fort, who told me he had sent for me in consequence of hearing from the camel-driver that I could give positive information respecting the two fe-

males who had escaped from thence. I was aghast at being questioned so suddenly on the subject, and assured the killehdar that he had been misinformed; that if I could give him any information, I should be happy to do so. I related what the goatherd had told me, from which the killehdar was not an atom the wiser, and I was dismissed with an half-angry, half-disappointed look. On returning to my lodgings, I passed a bastion of the fort, where I heard persons conversing hard by. The moon broke forth just at the moment from behind a dense cloud, and I distinctly saw two men on the spot whence the voices proceeded. Determined to listen to what they said, as it seemed that something of more importance than usual must have brought them together at such an hour and in such a place,

it being close to a lonely tower, I turned back, and reached the rampart over their heads by a circuitous route. I was soon within hearing of them again. One seemed to be in a great passion, whilst the other laboured to soothe and tranquillize him. "Who could have fastened the door?" said the more irritable of the two. "That I know not," replied the other; "but I found it so, and on opening it ——" — "Well, well, you told me that before, why repeat it?" — "It is useless, it is true, to do so; but I have no doubt Kokoo will re-appear, though the other will never see the light again." — "But are you sure it was he?" — "It is impossible I can be certain; but the place is known only to those two persons, and one is a corpse." — "And a corpse shall he be deprived me of his services." — "Who,"

said the other, “ was it that left him there?” —“ I know but one fellow, he who thwarts all my actions—Pandurang Hàrì.”—“ Indeed ! why then he is in your power ; he is at present a soldier of this garrison.”—“ Of this garrison !” said the other with surprise ; “ you deceive me : let me be certain of this ere I rest.”—“ It is very certain, for I swear I saw him but yesterday at Nagoo’s house ; but how can you tell that it was Pandurang who locked the secret door ?” —“ It is no matter whether he did it or not—he is my enemy, and stands in my way, and must ——.” Here the voice died into a whisper, and I could hear no more. What was my agitation and alarm, however, at discovering that one of the two was Gabbage Goulsa, for it was almost impossible to mistake his voice. This for-

fortunate discovery enabled me to prepare for my safety. I went home to bed, and called Fuzl Khan very early, desiring him to accompany me, without loss of time, in pursuit of Nagoo's wife. He got ready immediately, and I quitted the fort, much to my gratification. It formed no part of my plan to suffer Fuzl Khan to aid in rifling the deputy's wife, nor in allowing him to see I did not rob her. On our way, we passed near the liquor-shop where Fuzl Khan had before been, and I took care to purchase two bottles of arrack and carry with us. As soon as we entered the jungle leading to the goatherd's glen, I feigned fatigue, and sat down under a tree. I then produced the liquor; of which Fuzl Khan had no more objection to partake than I had to give, and he soon began to talk and laugh as usual.

At length, he fell down insensible, and I was left to my own reflections. My first was, how it would be practicable for me to escape Gabbage; the next, how I should explain to Nagoo's wife the nefarious scheme of her husband, and yet not make him my mortal enemy. At length, I was obliged to leave the matter to chance, and quietly await the approach of the ensuing evening. It was sunset when Fuzl Khan awoke, quite recovered from the effects of the arrack, which I had given him too early in the day. He was almost as sober as if he had taken nothing, and perfectly recollected, to my disappointment, that we were to make a woman prisoner. Finding it impossible to quiet him, I was obliged to offer him fifteen rupees to act exactly as I should direct, and assure him there would be no risk in de-

ceiving Nagoo. He objected, however, that he should get only fifteen rupees, and I should make perhaps five hundred; for of course he supposed I meant to rob the woman of her ornaments, and he should expect half of whatever was taken. I assured him he should have half of whatever I took from her, and this pacified him. We now pushed on our way, determined to await the coming of the woman on the other side of the second jungle, not far from the fatal cavern in which the secret chamber was situated.

We reached a spot near the entrance of the cave, and soon heard the sound of a tattoo's feet, and the gingle of bullocks' bells. It was, as I expected, Nagoo's wife and attendant. Notwithstanding my entreaties to Fuzl Khan to keep quiet when we came up

with her, he rushed upon her, and began to threaten her, draw his sword, and swear. He then seized the gold ornaments on her neck with a savage eagerness, of which I had not before supposed him to be capable. I saw it was high time I should interfere, and coming up with my sword in my hand, I told him to desist or I would sever his head from his body. The poor woman shed tears of gratitude, and threw herself at my feet. I raised her up and restored her ornaments. Among the hair was some braided up with silver wire. This singular ornament struck me immediately, and I determined to inquire the means by which it came into her possession. At present there was no time for this. I therefore begged her to be composed, and offered to conduct her to a place of rest. I led her into the

cavern, followed by Fuzl Khan, whom I represented as my servant, and for whose ruffianlike treatment of her I made many apologies. The gloom of the cave did not permit me to behold the face of the lady; but her voice was exceedingly melodious and sweet, so much so I felt that the lips that uttered them must be beautiful. Having spread a mat in a retired corner, I called her attendant, who followed her on a bullock, and bade him cook some rice and pay her every attention. I found the old rascal, to my great surprise, whispering with Fuzl Khan. By this I concluded he had been bought over by Nagoo, and that the conduct of Fuzl Khan was no more than he had expected; besides I observed he had kept aloof and never offered his assistance. This circumstance alone was sufficient to

prove to me that the fellow was a villain in league with his master. The whispering I have mentioned continued until I went up to them with my sword in my hand, and declared if they touched the person of the lady, or approached her with a hostile intention, I would run them both through the body. To my amazement Fuzl Khan turned round and demanded who I was, that pretended to dictate to them; called me a traitor for promising to serve my master Nagoo, and then to thwart him as much as lay in my power. "What, villain!" cried I, "would you rob a defenceless female?"—"You are wonderfully considerate," he replied; "what else are we come all this way about? what reward shall we get for not robbing her?"—"The reward of a quiet conscience," I answered. Fuzl

Khan and the old attendant upon this burst into a loud fit of laughing; and the former at last said, "By Allah and the holy Imam, those trinkets shall be mine," pointing at the same time to the ornaments of the terrified woman, who sat in inexpressible terror. I then told Fuzl Khan he must first pass me, and I put myself in an attitude of defence. He did not lack courage, though he never showed it but in a bad cause, and drawing his sword he made a lunge at me, which I parried with difficulty. It was so dark we could scarcely see each other, and before we had made more than two or three passes, the attendant came into the cave with a lighted torch which he held up on high. We fought desperately, and the old villain taking advantage of my being fully occupied, stuck his torch in a

fissure of the rock on one side the cavern, and falling on the woman, began to plunder her. I did not hesitate a moment, but, leaving my antagonist, rushed on the old miscreant, and with one blow felled him to the ground. Fuzl Khan returned the compliment by cutting me over the shoulder; fortunately it was the left, and he did not thereby disable my sword-arm. Furious with pain and anger, I turned upon him and cut him over the wrist of the right arm. His weapon fell to the ground, and I made him beg for mercy, which he did without delay. I tied his hands behind his back and proceeded to pacify the lady, who was screaming dreadfully. Having done this, I turned over the body of her old attendant, whom I had well punished for his villany in attempting to rob his mistress. He was

a corpse ; not a pulse in his body beat ; his jaw was fixed, and death was in his countenance : in short, he was past all power of doing ill again in this world. I felt no remorse for what I had done ; for how could I take to heart the exit from the world of such a treacherous wretch, even though it was by my own hand ?

Fuzl Khan lay groaning with pain, as he well might ; for I found that, in my hurry, I had placed the rope which tied his arms, in the wound which he had received from my sword. I now removed the cord, and then began to think of the state of my own wound. Nagoo's wife applied water and bandages, and dressed it in the best way it could be done under existing circumstances. I next took the torch and approached the secret chamber-door which was behind the

idol. The bolt was drawn back, by which it was clear some one had visited the place. I attempted to open it without success, until I remembered there was a secret spring, which I searched for minutely in vain. I despaired of obtaining an entrance, and returned to search for some instrument whereby I might force the portal, though it was very unlikely I should find one. I was obliged to break off the bough of a tree hard by, which cost me some labour, and I returned and battered the small door with it as violently as I could. It remained immoveable until I had nigh given up the attempt; when most likely a fortunate blow touched the secret spring: the door flew open, and, grasping the torch, I entered the cell, from whence a most noisome stench proceeded, which, however unpleasant in

itself, was grateful to me, when it convinced me that my enemies were no more. Still anxious to have ocular demonstration of the fact, I entered, but saw the mouldering body of only one person ; it was that of the tall man : the body of his companion was nowhere to be seen. How could the short man possibly have escaped ? I asked myself a hundred times ; and how could the tall man have remained behind ? who liberated him ? I could discover no hole in the roof, floor, or sides of the chamber, so that the door must have been the place of escape. To ruminate long was useless ; I was glad to leave this chamber of death, and just as I came to the door, what was my surprise at seeing a man's hand on the bolt, in the very act of closing it, and thus consigning me to the doom to which I had left others.

The horror of my situation came upon me in a moment, and I thrust the blazing torch on the hand that was thus ready to seal my destruction. The pain made the fingers let go their hold; and throwing open the door, who should stand before me in the cavern but Fuzl Khan! He it was, indeed, who had so nearly sealed up my life for ever. He had freed himself from his bonds, and having watched my motions, very cunningly hit upon the expedient of locking me in the chamber, and thus of having every thing his own way. He saw that the plunder of the female must be his own. The pain he suffered from the burning torch was more than equal to that from the cut of my sword on his other arm. He groaned bitterly with his sufferings, and I was about to inflict instant death upon him, when he

cried and prayed so hard for mercy, that I contented myself with again binding him, and, for greater security, fastening him to the idol's leg. Leaving him there to his meditations, I sought the poor woman, who could hardly yet believe herself secure. I succeeded in tranquillizing her mind, and then proceeded to dispose of the body of the old man whom I had slain. About this there could not be much difficulty; and lifting up the torch in one hand, I proceeded to drag it to the secret chamber by the leg with the other; where, before I safely bestowed it, I examined afresh the cords with which I had bound Fuzl Khan. I then entered the cell, and placed the body by that which lay decaying, and closed up the portal.

On approaching the woman, I entered

into conversation with her, and she requested me to accompany her to the end of her journey. This I could not undertake to do ; but I informed her of the plot which had been got up against her, in a quarter from which she had little right to expect such an attempt to be made. I told her that the object was solely the ornaments which she carried about with her, and I advised her to be upon her guard for the future, as some stratagem would no doubt again be had recourse to for a purpose similar to the present. I now took an opportunity of remarking to her the singular trinket to which I have before alluded : I begged her to allow me to see it. She immediately complied ; and on examination, I found the workmanship delicate and handsome, having six silver knobs very conspi-

cuous upon it. I begged to know how she obtained the ornament, and she informed me it was a present from a female with whom she became acquainted in the fort of Asseerghur. "Poor creature," said she, "she was a prisoner there, and had no friend but me." Her name I eagerly asked, and she replied it was Sagoonah. How I felt at the hearing that name again, and in having tidings of her so lately! "You did, indeed, befriend her then?" said I, "and have now tenfold reason to thank heaven for having enabled me to befriend you—to serve one who has shewed kindness to her, who is so dear to me!"—"You then are no doubt the Pandurang Hàrì of whom I have heard her speak." I replied that I was, and would give worlds, did I possess them, to know where I should again meet with

her ; but that I began to fear she had forgotten me. “ Very far from it,” said the wife of Nagoo ; “ that hair entwined with silver, was studded as you see with six knobs, intended to denote the six happy months she spent with you at Kandeish, in peace and comfort.” Upon hearing this, I pressed the precious relic to my lips and kissed it with rapture. I was so pleased, that Nagoo’s wife begged my acceptance of it, and I with eagerness took it and deposited it next my heart.

I learned that both Sagoonah and her aunt had been very cruelly treated when in the fort : that they were nearly starved, and had no clothes save an old blanket each : that she herself taking compassion on them, had sent them food and clothing, the latter of which, she since learned, had never

reached them, having been intercepted or stolen by those who guarded them. At length she obtained permission to visit them, and having compassion on their misfortunes, aided them in effecting their escape. When I inquired if she knew whither they were gone, she told me it was doubtful, though she had good reason to imagine they had taken the road to Guzerat, as they felt certain that tranquillity no where awaited them in the Deccan. I next inquired if she knew to what part of Guzerat they intended to go; and she said she thought to Baroda, but that it was not their intention to remain there long. She, moreover, said that, as they had no means by which to live, they purposed to procure work if possible as a means of subsistence.

This was, indeed, opportune and valuable

information. Guzerat was indeed an enormous distance; but what was distance in the way of true love? Nagoo's wife now begged me to accompany her a few coss on her road, until she was clear of the jungles. This I agreed to do, and nothing more remained than how to dispose of Fuzl Khan. Approaching him, therefore, I said, "Listen, Fuzl Khan; it would be much more to your advantage to be my friend than my foe, and now I give you a final moment to decide. If you do not choose to do so sincerely, you had better make peace with the idol, for I promise you enough of his company shall be your's. If, on the other hand, you are sorry for your past conduct, and swear to behave as you ought to do in future, I will release you, and give you one hundred rupees in consideration of your disappoint-

ment in not getting your ornaments—that is, provided you will accompany me to Guzerat.”—“ What !” he exclaimed, “ to Guzerat? to my own country? then I am your man for ever; release me, and I will swear to be faithful to you.” He then reiterated his promises. His weakness prevented his accompanying us through the jungles; and it was arranged that I should return and call for him in the evening. The morning dawned, and though fatigued for want of sleep, I set off with Nagoo’s wife from the cavern, and proceeded to escort her through the jungles. Having cleared them and arrived on the wide plain beyond, I took my final leave of her and returned.

CHAP. X.

ON my return to the cavern I was met by Fuzl Khan, who had been eagerly looking out expecting my arrival. He informed me he had been witness to a most singular scene since my departure—a scene that would astonish me. I begged him immediately to make me acquainted with the particulars. Feeling weak and exhausted, he said that he retired to a remote corner of the cavern, and lay down to try and obtain the best repose his wounds would allow him. He had scarcely closed his eyes when he heard a gruff coarse voice say, “It is impossible; you must have deceived me.”—“I swear,” answered a second voice, “I did

not deceive you : I liberated Kokoo myself and left him weak and faint in the cavern awaiting your arrival." — " Well, well," said the first, " I can see for myself." Both then proceeded to the little door leading into the secret chamber ; " and I suppose," said Fuzl Khan, " they entered it immediately ; but they soon came out. One was in a violent rage, and said to the other, ' You are a vile liar, you have deceived me —how should both bodies be at this moment rotting in the chamber, if what you say be true ? Did not you tell me you saw but one, and that you yourself liberated Kokoo ? ' The other man replied he knew not what to say, but that if they found Kokoo where he had left him, he hoped conviction would follow. ' Show me the fellow then,' said the first speaker. They

both now proceeded towards the corner of the cavern where I lay. There was little or no light in that part, but still there was enough to discover a human figure reclining upon a mat. ‘’Tis well,’ said one of the men; ‘he sleeps—but how came there to be two bodies in the chamber?’ This was a difficulty they could neither of them solve. The man who appeared to be superior, then came up to me and cried out, ‘What, ho! Kokoo! asleep while there is so much work abroad? Awake! thou lazy varlet. Come, come, the birds are flown towards Guzerat; be quick and follow them.’

“It may be easily imagined that I lay in no very pleasant state of feeling. I did not dare to confess I was not Kokoo, nor could I give any satisfactory account of myself, or how I came there. The man shook me by

the arm, and cried out, 'Come, Kokoo; surely thou art not as dead as thy friend!' I started as if from a sound sleep, not wishing them to believe I had overheard any part of their conversation. 'Who, in the name of Ishwur, have we here?' said one of the fellows; 'bring me a torch!' One was lighted, and they held it close to my face. 'Why, you miserable, half-starved Musselman-dog!' cried one who was in the garb of a gossein; 'where did you come from? and where is Kokoo?'—'Who is Kokoo? I don't know any thing of a person so named. I never heard of the man you ask for before.'—'Come, come, my friend,' said one of the men; 'you must not feign ignorance: I left him here, and now I find you in his place.' The gossein then got into a violent rage, and began

to accuse his companion of having deceived him. A violent altercation ensued, which ended in the gossein stabbing the other man in the side; after which he went away, muttering curses and imprecations upon him. I have been very anxiously waiting your arrival," continued Fuzl Khan, "as my situation was not a very agreeable one. I wonder who this Kokoo is?" I replied, that I believed he was the devil; for it seemed impossible to get the upper-hand of him. I described his person to Fuzl Khan, and told him to be on his guard, and give me immediate intelligence, should he ever chance to fall in with him. He promised me obedience in every thing, but did not fail to remind me of the one hundred rupees I had promised him.

I desired him to accompany me imme-

diately, and took my way towards the tree where I had buried the silver ornaments. It was necessary to go through the glen where the goatherd's cottage was situated; and before we reached it the darkness of evening came upon us. As we passed the cottage, I fancied I saw two men enter it. I had little doubt but one of them was Gabbage Gousla, while the other, in all probability, was Kokoo, whom he had somewhere fallen in with. If I could have depended upon Fuzl Khan, I would not have hesitated an instant in entering the place, and watching their motions. As I was circumstanced, I thought it better to pass on a little way, conceal myself, and watch; by which means I might learn something to my advantage. I desired Fuzl Khan to proceed, and await my com-

ing at a place which was easily recognized. He instantly obeyed, and I continued in ambush, watching the door of the cottage, from whence the two men soon came out, taking the road to Asseerghur. They passed the tree near which I had concealed myself, and I could clearly hear Gabbage's rough voice cry out, "The old villain is fled, but I will ferret him out. Foiled in all my plans ! I will not be so much longer. Curses on that Pandurang Hàrì, the sneaking rascal ! It must have been he who locked you up in the cave. What idiots you were to let a stranger into our secrets !" — "It was all Salla's work," his companion answered ; "not mine." — "Well," said Gabbage Gousla, "he has paid dearly enough for his rashness and folly. What we now have to do is ———"

I could hear no more of the conversation of these men; but I was in great fear lest they might overtake Fuzl Khan; and, recognizing him for the man whom they had left in the cavern, use him ill, or probably question him too closely; when he might, inadvertently, bring up my name as his fellow-traveller. I kept, therefore, as close as I could in their rear, only allowing them time to get a small advance of me in the road. I then proceeded towards the place where I had appointed to meet Fuzl Khan. On arriving there I could not find him, and began to conjecture a thousand things, and to despair of doing so at all; when, looking over the plain, I saw a man approaching me at a distance, seemingly in full speed. On his coming nearer, I saw it was Fuzl, who told me he had been overtaken by two

men, one of whom answered the description I had given him of Kokoo. He said they had very closely questioned him as to his business in the jungle, but had not recognized him as the slumberer in the cavern. Not knowing what reply to make to their questions, he told them he was about to join his master, Nagoo, in the fort. They asked him if he was acquainted with a person of the name of Pandurang Hàrì? He replied that he was, and said Pandurang was at present in the fort, where he had left him only the day before. Upon this, the two men hurried on their way, muttering together. He heard them say, "This time he shall not escape!" Fuzl Khan immediately hastened to communicate the information to me. I then thanked him for the adroit way in which he had deceived the

two men, and proceeded to the tree where I had buried my treasure. I thought it best, however, to await the dawning of day, before I searched for it; and proposed to my companion to rest ourselves awhile. In the morning I went to the tree, and, digging, soon discovered, to my great joy, that the ornaments were all safe. I gave my companion the two silver bangles, with which he was highly pleased; and by thus keeping my promise, I attached him more strongly to my interests than I could have done by any other method; and I hoped to find him a useful person in pursuing my future objects.

I was strongly impelled, on a sudden recollection of what took place at the cavern during Fuzl Khan's absence, to return, and try if I could discover who it was had been

the victim of Gabbage Gousla's revengeful passions. I therefore proposed it to Fuzl Khan, as there was reason to think the unfortunate man had not been killed, but only severely wounded, though there could be little doubt but his death was intended. My companion replied, that he had seen quite enough of that dark and horrible place, and had no great inclination to set his foot in it again. I would not go alone, and Fuzl Khan seemed determined not to accompany me. At length I prevailed upon him to go as far as the entrance with me, and to leave to me the task of looking for the wounded man. We set off, my companion being somewhat in a surly humour. We had the whole day before us, and there was nothing to be apprehended from thieves in the jungles, all of which we cleared in good

time; so that a large portion of daylight remained after we had reached the cave. Fuzl Khan still determining not to enter the gloomy place, I went in, and groped in every corner a good while, but found nothing, and returned to my companion, who advised my lighting a torch, as so much of the cavern was impervious to the light of day. We had no torches with us, but we set fire to some sticks, that afforded but a bad substitute for them; and Fuzl described the place where the man had been stabbed, but refused to enter and assist me. I now recommenced my search, and was at the point of giving it up, when, my light being extinguished in a dark part of the cave, I stumbled over something, which I soon found was a human body. Whether it was dead or alive, I had no means of as-

certaining. I called to my obstinate companion in vain, being determined to be satisfied. I therefore took the body by the leg, and drew it as gently as I could to the mouth of the cave; and, in so doing, fancied I heard a deep groan. This gave me hope that I might yet be of some assistance to the unhappy object of Gabbage's vengeance. On getting into the air I found that the wounded man was suffering more from loss of blood than the depth of his wound. The latter had, however, ceased bleeding, and we contrived to bind up the wounded side with the sufferer's turban. The air, and a mouthful or two of fresh water, seemed to revive him. He opened his eyes heavily, as if with effort, gazed vacantly around him, and then shut them

again, seeming as if he was in some horrible dream. Fuzl Khan did not scruple to render every assistance in his power, now we were outside the mouth of the cavern; and, by his care and my own united, we at last contrived to infuse a little more life into the object of our solicitude. Of speech he was not yet master; sustenance and unremitting attention seemed indispensable to restore it to him. Where we then rested nothing could be procured; and I proposed to Fuzl Khan that we should construct a litter, and lay him upon it; by which means we might convey him to some village, and obtain for him the necessaries, without which his recovery could hardly be calculated upon. My companion immediately assented to this proposition; we went to

work, and, in a very little time, completed our task.

We lifted our patient on the litter, and slowly took the road towards Kandeish. The nearest village was that in which the durhm sallah was situated, where I first saw Gabbage Gousla's two men. We reached it before dark, and deposited our burthen there; and while Fuzl Khan went in search of rice, milk, fire-wood, and other necessities, I remained by the wounded man. Fuzl soon returning, a fire was made, and provisions cooked; but, unfortunately, the object of our care could not raise his head, much less swallow food. We therefore covered him securely, and eat our own rice and milk, expecting to find him a corpse by the morning. The thought of this disappointment prevented my closing my eyes all

night; but my companion, whom nothing could ruffle, lay snoring in perfect oblivion of every thing, and utterly indifferent as to who might live or die.

CHAP. XI.

THE following morning I heard, or fancied I heard, a rustling proceeding from the corner where the object of my care, on the preceding day, was reposing. I crept softly towards the place, the light not being yet sufficient to distinguish objects at a little distance ; and, to my surprise, found the wounded man sitting upright. I lost not a moment in awaking Fuzl Khan, and desiring him to get a fire, and warm some milk. He immediately attended to my first request, but hesitated about my second ; when I discovered that he had drank all the milk the preceding night. This being the case, I despatched the greedy rascal for

more. The wounded man seemed as if he wished to articulate; but I desired him to desist, lest the exertion should bring on a relapse and bad symptoms. I washed his face, arranged his hair; and, on the daylight coming full upon his countenance, being now cleaned from the dirt and soil of the floor of the cavern, what was my astonishment on recognizing my old companion, Nanna, who had been Trimbuckje's servant, and was taken prisoner with myself by the Pindarees ! I was now more than ever anxious for the return of his health and speech. I longed to know how he could have become an instrument of Gabbage Gousla's. He did not seem to recognize me, nor could it, in his present deplorable state, be expected. On the return of Fuzl Khan with milk and provisions, I

desired him to approach the wounded man, and see if he could not call his features to recollection. He replied he had seen the face before, but he did not recollect where or when. I reminded him of our being taken by the Pindarees, and that the present helpless object of our care was my companion at the time, and had been one of the audience when he, Fuzl Khan, told his own history in the ruined fortress. Fuzl observed how much he was changed, looking attentively at him; and thought it would be a miracle if he ever recovered. I had strong hopes of seeing him reinstated again. We washed his wound, and bound it afresh with the best cloth we could obtain. We gave him the warm milk, and soon found that these little offices contributed to benefit our patient, who, by and

by, dropped into a profound slumber. I now went to the potail's house, and related to him the deplorable state of the wounded man, and how we had accidentally discovered him in the solitary cavern. I stated, that, as the durhm sallah was a public place, I feared it was very ill calculated to afford him the quiet necessary in his situation. The potail offered me a room in his own house, and I very thankfully accepted it. When Nanna awoke, we lost not a moment in removing him thither. The potail placed him in a comfortable bed, and his wife promised to pay him every attention in her power. The truth is, we produced an impression of our consequence on the potail's mind much to our advantage. Fuzl Khan strutted about with his silver bangles, affecting an air of great impor-

tance ; and I thought it not amiss to wear some of my ornaments ; all which made the potail judge it right to treat us with every attention and respect. The first day of his removal to the potail's, our patient did not utter a word : the effort seeming to be still far too great for him.

In the mean while, I found the potail a very communicative person, and well versed in public affairs. We entered upon politics and the state of the war. “ Ah ! ” said he, “ poor Badjerao is like a hunted hare. He never sleeps two nights in the same place. The very idea of the Toope Wallas being near him, makes him issue orders for marching ; so that his men, cattle, and elephants are jaded to death.” I inquired where Trimbuckje then was. The potail called him a scoundrel, and wished he had been

dead before the Peeshwa knew him, for to him he owed his downfall. “Downfall!” I inquired with surprise; “do you imagine him to be indeed ruined, and that all hope is past of his being reseated on the musnud of Poona?”—“He is ruined beyond redemption,” said the potail; “Trimbuckje has deserted him of course, and is anxious only for his own safety; Poona is wrested from the Peeshwa; Scindea is defeated at Aheidpoor; and Asseerghur is about to be stormed. We must all now become ryots* of the Toope Wallas.”—“We must then do the best we can,” I replied; “we shall find ourselves more peaceable, and they who will labour will have their reward. The thieves and turbulent will be kept quiet: we must submit to what we cannot avoid. The spear of

* Subjects.

the Pindaree will be changed into the ploughshare of the *coombie*.”*—“This is very true,” said the potail; “but what is to become of our venerable Brahmins, and our men of rank? What will they say, to lose their offices, and be circumscribed in their power? Their pensions, their profits, and *jageers*,† will be curtailed and regulated, if not taken away. The Toope Wallas may manage tolerably well as governors; but the worst thing is, they will never allow any bellies but their own to be filled.”—“You potails, coolcunnies, &c. will no doubt, even under your new master, contrive to reap tolerable harvests.”—“It is true, we may for a year or two,” said the potail; “but, after that time, I fear the ryots will begin to

* Cultivator.

† Grants of land.

lose their respect for our authority, and to comprehend that they can have their complaints attended to. Farewell, then, our ancient and established usages—our golden times of prosperity ! There will be no farming out of districts then ; no agreeing with a coombie for half his produce, and getting three-fourths ; no fees ; no fines ; no bargaining with soucars and bankers, to keep the coombies eternally in their books. We must not flog them, and torture, after the manner of our fathers, those who are obnoxious to us. It will be a new state of things : I think the oldest always best.”—
“ I have learned,” I replied, “ that there are people who have other opinions upon those subjects ; but I confess I am not competent to enter into an argument upon them. I wish you success most heartily, my

friend : may your undertakings flourish and your country also !”

I had scarcely uttered these words, when an unusual bustle was heard in the village, and an hircarrah on a camel rode up to the potail's house, calling out, “ the Peeshwa ! the Peeshwa ! Provisions, provisions ! or your heads shall answer !” The potail was in great consternation, and promised to do all in his power towards assisting the fugitive prince. A sumptuous palanquin, borne by eight bearers, who appeared ready to fall to the earth from fatigue, came up directly afterwards. The Peeshwa alighted from it, and rushed into the potail's house : he threw himself in despair upon the ground, wailing bitterly. How different from his appearance when I last saw him in his palace, surrounded by Brahmins and officers,

train-bearers and courtiers, in all the insolence of power ! Then, indeed, I trembled in his presence—and well I might tremble, for I was assuming a character, the discovery of which would have annihilated me. Now I looked upon the once awful Peeshwa with pity and contempt, and thought how a little time since he strutted in his kinkobs and diamonds, like a gaudy peacock. He was deeply humbled, even to the very dust, watering the cow-dunged floor of the postail's house with tears of repentance and distress. His few attendants, as miserable as himself, were worn out with long marching : they came, however, to his side, imploring him to arise and rouse his spirits ; puffing up the valour of his troops, his own greatness, and whispering hopes that could never be realized. Badjerao then assumed the

monarch once more; he arose and issued some orders with a heavy heart. The camp lay without the village, and was well provided with rice and necessaries. The Peeshwa went through his ablutions, put on the silk vest in which he uniformly dined, and was monarch once more, until a courier galloped into the village, crying, “the Toope Wallas—the Toope Wallas.” Badjerao forgot his dinner, and bade his palanquin be off directly. His followers, unfed and unrefreshed, were obliged to resume their duties; and in half an hour the whole aswarry, with horse and foot soldiers, camels, elephants, and bullocks, were clear out of the village.

The potail came to me when they were gone, wearing a face of mirth, and well satisfied with himself. From this I judged

that the Peeshwa had rewarded him for his trouble and provisions. I congratulated him therefore on his good fortune, asking him the amount of his present. "Present!" said he, "no, no, I have received no reward; that is a part of his business Badjerao never remembered in his life." I then observed, it was fortunate the English were so near, as their approach had rid him of so many troublesome guests. The potail smiled, and said, "the English are far enough off, my friend. This was all a contrivance of my own. I foresaw ruin to us all, when the runaways came to my village, if I suffered them to stay long; and instead of procuring a stock of provisions for so many hungry mouths, I sent a fellow a few coss off, with orders to ride into the village furiously just as the soldiers were

eating their dinners, and give the alarm which you have heard. I knew the name of Toope Walla would scare the poor Peeshwa out of our precincts, and set him flying again; and, considering the road he has taken, it is ten to one but he will fall in with them. He is gone towards Ashtee, to which I have heard the English are approaching. Did you ever see such a pusillanimous man, calling himself a fighting king?" I observed, he did not bear his misfortunes with either manly or kingly fortitude; and I inquired where Gokla, his great general, was. The potail said, "Gokla is a brave man, but must persuade his rabble followers to fight before he can do any thing; and without a few thousands like himself, he can do nothing for the Peeshwa's fortunes. We shall soon hear of some bat-

tle; and rely upon this truth, it will be the last Badjerao's troops will ever fight." I could not but admire the potail's ingenuity in getting rid of so many hungry vagabonds, who never dreamed of remunerating him for the expenses they heaped upon him.

All being again quiet in the village, I visited my patient Nanna, and found he was mending fast, though still very feeble and ill. He asked me where he was. I assured him in very good hands, and that he should be taken care of. He seemed sensible of the kindness shewn him, and said he had nearly given up all hope of being restored to life. His wound was deep, and well aimed by the villain that gave it; but, when he next met him, he would convince him that there was another dagger more unerring. "This is my reward!" said Nanna,

I desired him to be composed for the present, as he could give me an account of his disasters when he was better able to converse. He thanked me, and said he had but little to tell. "I served one villain," said he, "whom I deserted to follow a greater; and my wages have been a stab in the side, which but for your kind aid must have been my death. You shall find, however, that your kindness shall not be forgotten; for I swear to serve you, whoever you may be, provided you are not engaged in murder or other bad deeds, which I now from my very soul abhor." I assured him I was not engaged in any such schemes, and that possibly he might have it in his power to aid me materially. He squeezed my hand, and fell into a deep slumber. I left him; and on going away, met Fuzl

Khan, who said, "Who do you think I have met? Mahadeo, the first Pindaree, who is at this moment actually an officer in the Peeshwa's army." I asked him if he was certain of this. He replied, he was; that he made himself known, and should have had more conversation with him, but for the peremptory orders of the Peeshwa to march without a moment's delay. This was very satisfactory intelligence to me; because I felt certain Mahadeo was in the land of the living, and I knew where, though I had hoped he was no more.

The next time I visited Nanna was on the following morning: he had not yet appeared to remember me. Finding him much refreshed by sleep, I begged him to tell me the particulars of his history, as far as the time when he was left wounded

in the cave. He accordingly began: "You have, no doubt, heard of such a man as Trim buckje Danglia?"—"I have," I replied; "and know him to be a sad villain."—"He is, indeed, bad, but there are even worse men than he—for instance, the fellow who wounded me in the cave.—But, to proceed. I served Trim buckje Danglia."—"And so have I," was my observation. Nanna hereupon said, "Ah! I know that voice;—let me look full in your face. Thou art, indeed, Pandoo! Didst thou but know how I have been hunting after thee to work thy destruction, thou wouldst not save my life!—But, henceforth, I am thine for ever! Listen, then:—Trim buckje, although we aided him in his escape from Thannah, never gave us the stipulated reward. This I did not so much grieve

about; but he intrigued with my wife; so that I became the laughing-stock of all his household. Full of indignation, I vowed revenge; and he shall find I can remember my vow. In the moment of my highest rage, I was met by Gabbage Gousla, a hanger-on in Trim buckje's train. I related all my injuries to him. The watchful and cunning Gabbage blew the sparks of vengeance, which lurked in my bosom into a flame. Listening to his artful incitements, I grasped the dagger which he wore, and half-presented to me, and swore I would plunge it into Trim buckje's heart. Gabbage grinned a horrible smile of triumph, and bade me be sure of my blow. I was to meet him at a particular spot as soon after the murder as it was possible for me to reach it. I reiterated my promises of punc-

tuality, and we separated. At the hour of twelve I ascended cautiously the narrow staircase leading to Trimbuckje's apartment. I opened his door, and entered the chamber : he slept soundly. My dagger was raised for the blow, when a noise in an adjoining chamber awoke my victim, who turned round just as my weapon descended upon his breast. The point only grazed his arm : upon which he awoke, and cried out for succour. I had not a moment to lose, but rushed down the staircase, and gained the street. I was soon joined by Gabbage Gousla, to whom I related my ill success. He bade me secrete myself in his house, and await until he could find out what steps would be pursued to apprehend the murderer. On the following day he told me I was suspected, and that persons

were on the search for me. 'Save me! save me!' I cried to Gabbage. That, he said, depended upon myself. 'Serve me, and I will save you,' said this arch-fiend. I inquired how I was to do this. Gabbage told me that he demanded my services; but if I failed to obey him, he would give me up to the enraged Trimbuckje. I observed, I was, indeed, in his power, and that if he spared me I would serve him. 'Then,' said he, 'you must again grasp your dagger, and take care, this time, that it strike home.' On asking whom I must strike, Gabbage told me Pandurang Hàrì. I asked if he meant my old fellow-servant. 'The same,' growled the villain. 'Go to the village of which Trimbuckje is master, and, at an uninhabited mansion near the great tank, you will meet with persons

who will instruct you how to act. The least deceit or deviation from your duty will cost you your life! Come, disguise yourself! Having said this, he brought me the dress of a Jungum priest; and, being equipped in a perfect disguise, he sent me to the village before-mentioned, where I arrived in safety. I found the house, and two ferocious-looking fellows in it. One was a very tall man, the other short and thick. They led me, by a secret passage, into a room on the ground-floor, the windows of which looked into a court-yard, and were very small. They soon proceeded to business, being well apprized of the orders which I had received from Gabbage. They told me I was fixed upon to murder you, because they themselves were ignorant of your person, and were besides

too much engaged in other matters. These they communicated to me, to be the apprehension of two women, who were in custody at the fort of Asseerghur. Money was then given to me, and I was informed that you had actually been seen in the village that day, and, in all probability, would be at the collector's office on the following morning. A knock at the door of the room alarmed my companions; and one of them, the tall man before-mentioned, went out by a secret passage, which led by a staircase to the upper rooms. He fired his pistol, but all was silent."—"I know that very well," I observed to Nanna; "and he very nearly saved you the trouble of using your dagger."—"Then it was you who knocked at the door?" continued Nanna. "It was, my friend," I replied. "Had my

companions been aware of this, you would have been sacrificed to their vengeance," said Nanna. "I fear nothing could have preserved you. I would have tried to screen you from their fury; for my promise to obey Gabbage was only a subterfuge, by which I hoped to escape from immediate ruin, being, as I was, completely in his power. As I live, I would not have harmed you; nor, to save my own life, imbrue my hands in the blood of an innocent and unoffending man, who had, moreover, been my friend! As soon as we were convinced all was quiet, we separated. I was to dog you to a convenient place out of the village, and murder you; my companions promising to meet me at Asseerghur, where I was afterwards to assist in liberating and carrying off the two women, that they might

be delivered from the clutches of one tyrant to be thrown into the power of another. Gabbage himself was expected to meet us there, with proper persons, to whom the two women were to be given in charge. I was unable to find you in the village, though I remained two days searching for you; and I finally proceeded towards Asseerghur, as I was promised a reward by my employer, if I was faithful to his interests. At Asseerghur I saw you, just as you came from under the hands of the doctor. Before I could determine what step to take, Gabbage Gousla made his appearance: how he gained an entrance into the fort I cannot conjecture. I did not know whether he was aware of your being there also; perhaps he might himself have seen you. I dared not conceal my knowledge

of your being so near; and, meeting him by appointment under one of the bastions, I informed him I had seen you, but that the fort was not the place to commit the deed in, and that I was determined to await his arrival. He grumbled his displeasure at my not having effectually prevented your appearance there at all; and insinuated that I had either betrayed or neglected his interests. He dismissed me with an imprecation, but not before I had acquainted him with the fate of my two associates, whom, I should have told you, I met with again, in a very singular manner. Passing the cave which, but for you, would have proved my sepulchre, I heard the most piteous yells and cries, as if some dreadful crime was perpetrating. I entered, and distinctly heard sounds proceeding from

behind the idol—then the fall of a heavy substance, and all was silent. Shortly after commenced a knocking, as if some one was endeavouring to get out. Cries and groans began again, and I approached close to where they seemed to issue from; and, calling out aloud, asked what was the matter? ‘O, let me out!’ cried a faint voice; ‘I am famished!’ I withdrew the bolt, but the door would not open. The captive, whom I knew by this time to be Kokoo, instructed me to press one of the knobs under the bolt—which I did, and the door flew open. Kokoo rushed out, nearly overcome by weakness and hunger. I asked him where his companion was; and he told me his dagger had done the business for him. I shuddered at the coldness with which he related this. He explained the circum-

stances to me, which were matter of great astonishment, relative to the way in which he and his companion had been imprisoned, by a fellow whom they had trusted with their secrets. Kokoo remained in the cave, being too weak to leave it; I proceeded to Asseerghur, and requested Gabbage's immediate presence at the cave. Kokoo said, that the scanty provisions they had in the chamber were soon expended between him and his companion, and that then they began to quarrel, and drew their daggers; and he, Kokoo, being quickest, thrust his into the tall man, who fell. Hereupon I hinted the possibility of his not being dead. Kokoo bade me go and see, if I pleased; but that neither man nor devil should ever tempt him to enter that infernal place again. I then went myself into

the stone room, and found the man quite gone. Gabbage was pleased to learn that one of his vile instruments was living, and desired me to accompany him, and bring Kokoo to the fort, and afterwards to take measures for putting you out of the way. On our arrival at the cavern, Kokoo was not to be found; and, on going into the inner chamber, behind the idol, how was I surprised, to find two bodies in the place of one that I had left when I set out! Gabbage was in a violent rage, and swore I had deceived him throughout. I begged him to search the cavern minutely; and I thought we must meet with Kokoo, and thus it would be proved I was sincere. In the place where I had left Kokoo, we found another man, who had been somehow wounded. Here Gabbage lost all self-com-

mand, and stabbed me in the side; then muttering imprecations over me, took his departure. In the state in which I was left, you found me; and to your exertions I owe my present renovation to light and life."

I now informed Nanna that I had immured the two slaves of Gabbage in the chamber. On hearing this, he applauded me for my promptness, and regretted that he had been the instrument of effecting the liberation of the most formidable villain of the two. I then told him that the man he found in Kokoo's place was Fuzl Khan, the second Pindaree, whose tale had so amused us in the ruined fortress. Nanna wished immediately to see him, and Fuzl Khan came. Nanna immediately began to thank him for lending his assistance in pre-

serving him. Fuzl candidly confessed he did not merit them : for the horrors of the cavern were so strongly impressed upon his mind, that he would not venture in again, and refused to accompany me. I told Nanna that his wound was partly owing to me, as I had placed the other dead body in the chamber, and related what had taken place to induce me to do so. We were both struck with the wonderful coincidences which had again brought us together, and at the recollection of the events which had occurred since we met before.

Among the other questions which I put to Nanna in our various conversations, while he was in a convalescent state, I asked if he knew why Gabbage sought my life? He told me that Gabbage was aware of my affection for Sagoonah; but that, while I

lived, he could scarcely hope to accomplish his purposes, whatever they were. Nanna said he was ignorant of the objects of Gabbage; but that, since he had been at Satarah, he was more than ever desirous of destroying me. Upon expressing my wonder at his hearing any thing at Satarah that could affect me, Nanna said he did not know what; but I ought, he thought, to keep out of his way. I knew this was not an easy thing to do, for he was every where in an incredibly short space of time; and that, were I to change my name, walk naked, or be clothed like a sultan, he would unerringly recognize me. Nanna remarked, however, that, except Kokoo, all his agents were ignorant of my person; but that Kokoo must remember me as long as he lived, and be incited to find me out, to revenge

my having locked him in the chamber, besides the motive of the wages promised by his iniquitous employer; these were strong inducements to a man, so bloodthirsty, to hunt me down. I told Nanna that I intended to go to Guzerat. He immediately said, that our meeting Kokoo there would be certain, as he was going after the women, who had fled thither. I observed that he could not be of much use there, as he did not know Sagoonah's person; but Nanna contradicted me, and stated, that he was one of the persons employed to murder her. I now informed Nanna of all that had taken place at Poona, and of my adventures as a magician; of my taking Sagoonah under my protection, and the subsequent incidents I had met with: at which he was astonished. He could hardly believe I was

the person who had caused so much noise there in my disguise, and ruined Habeshee Kotwall.

There was one thing for which I could never account in my own mind, and that was, the reason that induced Gabbage Gousla at first to seek the destruction of Sagoonah, and afterwards to try to preserve her life. This Nanna cleared up to a certain extent by desiring me to recollect, that when Gabbage sought to assassinate her, he was in the interest of Trimbuckje Danglia, and had no knowledge who or what the girl was. He was fully aware of the imposition practised upon the Peeshwa, relative to the pretended guilt of Habeshee Kotwall, as he was in the confidence of Trimbuckje. He also guessed (knowing the affair of the girl) that the pretended magician must have

obtained his knowledge from some authentic source. The girl had escaped his clutches, but she might somehow or other have fallen into those of the magician. I found from Nanna, that I was very closely watched, and traced to a village about a coss from Poona. On receiving the report of his spy, Gabbage himself repaired to the village, and returning in great perturbation, set out immediately for Satarah, from whence he quickly returned, and gave orders that the girl at the cultivator's cottage should be seized. It was discovered that she had fled, and his rage knew no bounds. All the information that could be obtained was, that she had taken the road to Seroor. Little was said before Trim buckje's servant whom Gabbage had employed as his spy, because he wished Trim buckje to imagine Sagoonah

really dead. A person was despatched after the fugitive, but Nanna never heard the result of the pursuit.

This result I told him, and also how narrowly Sagoonah and her aunt had escaped. On expressing my wonder that Gabbage, with all his art and his numerous agents, had never yet succeeded in entrapping Sagoonah; Nanna said it might be accounted for by Trim buckje's servant, who had acted as a spy in watching me, having informed his master that the girl was living, and that Gabbage had some particular views respecting her. Trim buckje seized a favourable moment to quarrel with Gabbage, not allowing him to know how well informed he was regarding Sagoonah's existence. They separated, and Gabbage then discovered that Trim buckje was aware

the girl was alive—for he found all his craft and cunning opposed by Trimbuckje's power; and that, although the latter was a prisoner in Thannah, his influence in Kandesh was such, that measures were taken at that very time to seize the girl and her aunt. I was summoned away to attend Trimbuckje immediately, not for the value of my services, but that I might thwart Trimbuckje's scheme. For he had begun to think me a very shrewd kind of fellow, and clearly saw that I had advanced my own ends, and made a tool of him first, by getting away Sagoonah from him, and in the second place a situation and reward. He retaliated, however, by condescending to affect a particular predilection for me, and I in return planned his escape from Thannah, which, when effected, he not only failed to be grateful

for, but sent expresses to Kandeish to deprive me of my place.

In this way things, until now unaccountable to me, were cleared up. I recollected the warning of danger given me by a soldier at the guard-room in Kandeish, and that after this I went to the deserted mansion, where I was so near being shot. Nanna could not inform me how it was that Gabbage and Trimbuckje became reconciled to each other, but supposed, being both involved in schemes of villany, it was not worth while for them to counteract each other any longer. It appeared that the sun of Trimbuckje's power was for ever set, and the Peeshwa crushed, past all hope of again governing: Gabbage, therefore, had latterly found it no longer his interest to adhere either to one or the other, and having

nothing to fear from their power, relied at present upon his own cunning, and a few hirelings, ready instruments of his designs, to get Sagoonah into his hands. "You," said Nanna, "are one great obstacle in his way, and you he is determined to remove. Kokoo is his head assassin, and he it was who cut to pieces the Shastree from Guzerat. This shameful murder was planned by the Peeshwa himself, aided by Trimbuckje, and executed by Kokoo." I could not help observing, here, how unfortunate for me Nanna's arrival at the cave, and the release of Kokoo, had proved. "It proved also very unfortunate for me," said Nanna; "where he went I cannot guess, but had he remained where he proposed, I should not have been wounded, and been brought to the brink of the grave." I asked if there

was no way to escape the villain's fury, in case I fell in with him. Nanna seemed to think a bribe would have done it, had I not drawn the fatal bolt upon him—but that no money would purchase his good-will under present circumstances. He advised me to go well armed, and be very circumspect in my movements at all times; that, if I went to Guzerat, or remained in the Deccan, he would be there also. I asked Nanna if he would accompany me thither, and told him my design was to get into some employment, the profits of which I would share equally with him and Fuzl Khan, and we should then be better able to provide for our mutual security. Besides, Nanna might obtain some place in the service of the English Government, and thus we should live in

quiet. Nanna promised never to desert me, as I had preserved his life. He considered himself bound to do what he could for me; and we agreed to go well armed, and never to be farther apart from each other than we could possibly avoid. This would be some security against Kokoo and his employer, whose open attacks were least to be feared. Fuzl Khan swore to be faithful to us, and to travel with us wherever we might direct our steps; and we promised, in return for his sharing our hazards, that he should partake in our comforts. He possessed animal courage, and though his honesty was not the most pure of its kind, and his youthful propensities still had a fast hold upon him, we had no reason to think he would turn out a traitor to our cause. I

now felt my mind more at ease than it had lately been, and anticipated a joyful interview with my Sagoonah.

On consideration, it appeared dangerous for us to remain much longer where we then rested. Gabbage was too near us, and I recollected that his son Mahadeo was also at hand: they might chance to meet, and unite their forces against us. I deemed it prudent to keep my knowledge of the real designs of Gabbage to myself, and to seem ignorant of his views towards the musnud of Satarah, because the remotest chance of a man being in power secures to him money and followers. After all, Nanna was a Mahratta, and it is a peculiarity in the character of this people, that the hope of being provided for, even at a future time, operates very strongly upon their minds, though I

had no reason to think such would be the case with Nanna. As to Fuzl Khan, I knew he would set off in a moment, on the shadow of such a hope.

On inquiring for my friend the potail, I found him busily employed in indemnifying himself for the losses he had sustained by the passage of the Peeshwa's army through his village. He was screwing the cultivators and villagers to the last pice; taking money from one, cattle from another, and had actually in pawn the wives of two poor fellows at once, while the husbands were endeavouring to borrow money to satisfy his rapacity. It was not my business to interfere, though I with difficulty beheld the scene unmoved. I informed my host that we intended to quit him immediately, and begged him to furnish us with

a tattoo to carry the wounded man. He did so very readily, and I paid for it with some of my silver ornaments, presenting him with an ankle-chain as a remuneration for his hospitality. Fuzl Khan, who was possessed of great ingenuity, told the potail, on setting out, that he had better take good care of his money, as he had overheard a plot to deprive him of it. He described to him very accurately the persons of Gabbage Gousla and Kokoo, as the conspirators; this he did to prevent the potail giving them any information as to our movements, should they come to question him about us. Knowing their persons, he would naturally refuse to admit them under his roof, and they would go away just as wise as they came. I highly approved Fuzl Khan's trick, and we set off, intending to take the

short way to Guzerat through the Kandeish jungles.

Our first stage was to Trimbuckje's once-flourishing village, where I had held a situation, and where stood the house in which Sagoonah had resided, which was now inhabited by soldiers and all classes of people. We alighted at a durhm sallah, where several horsemen were assembled. These were in the service of the English, and were conversing very freely on the affairs in which they were engaged. We soon found that they were in search of Trimbuckje, and that considerable rewards were offered to any one who would give information whereby he might be apprehended. Upon finding this to be the case, Nanna called me aside and said, "Now is my time for revenge; I know where Trim-

buckje is concealed, and I will unkennel him from his hole, and take good care he knows who it is that ruins him.”—“Are you certain?” I asked him in return;—“Can you be sure of pointing out the place?” He assured me he could: but that he was not yet strong enough, and would wish to enjoy another night’s rest before he accompanied the Toope Wallas to the place. He remarked, that if he gave information that night, the English would not rest until he delivered the villain up to them. At this moment the public crier came by, offering a reward of five thousand rupees to any person who would bring information to the English resident at Kandeish, where Trim-buckje Danglia might be found. Nanna, confident the secret was in his own bosom

alone, apprehended no danger by waiting until the morning. We eat our supper, threw ourselves upon our mats, and enjoyed a sound repose.

CHAP. XIII.

THE next morning, Nanna being refreshed by an unbroken sleep, called me over where he was lying, and told me he was determined to proceed immediately to the tent of the English resident, and demand an audience. He had reflected upon the step which he proposed to take, and found his resolution rather strengthened than weakened, in consequence of what had presented itself to his mind upon the subject. It appeared to me highly necessary that he should first ascertain whether Trimbuckje was actually at that moment in the hiding-place he suspected, as otherwise we should appear in a very ridiculous light before the

English commandant. This I stated to Nanna: who, being of the same opinion, proposed he should start alone towards the place where we suspected our enemy was concealed; and I promised to await his return at a particular spot, which I indicated to him. He departed accordingly, and promised to be with me again before nightfall. During Nanna's absence, I strolled with Fuzl Khan into the neighbourhood of the village, and seeing the English horse formed in a line, and an officer examining the horses and accoutrements, I approached pretty close, and found him to be the very man who had beaten me at Bombay, and whom I supposed at this time to be the husband of Jane Bebee. He did not seem to recollect me, and I was not very anxious to attract his notice. He had since become a

cavalry officer, and I have no doubt was a very active one.

In the evening Nanna came back, and told me Trim buckje was in his secret abode. He made sure of this, because he had watched several men into the building, of whose faces he had a perfect recollection; and he thought, from the preparations and bustle he observed, that matters were arranging for his removal. This being the case, not a moment was to be lost; and we proceeded to the tent of the English resident, and obtained an audience. I desired Nanna to enter, awaiting myself the result of the conference on the outside. He very soon came back, and the resident immediately began to issue orders. The cavalry officer was sent for, and a second came with him. After a short conversation, they went away, and quickly

returned at the head of two hundred men, accompanied by *mussalchees* or torch-bearers. Nanna was mounted, and desired to lead the way. We followed him across ravines and broken ground, until we came to an ancient stone building in a ruinous state, and thatched with straw. Nanna now advised that half the men should dismount, and that twenty of them should endeavour to obtain an entrance, by a way he would point out, into the court-yard of the place. The officers declared, if he played any tricks with them, he should be shot through the head on the spot. Nanna vowed fidelity, and led the way. Not a torch was yet lighted, though care was taken to be ready to do so at the moment the word was given for the purpose. We passed through a cow-shed, the wall of which, being of mud,

was broken down in a moment. We were now in the yard, where we heard the bells of bullocks jingling, a sign that the inhabitants of the place were upon the point of decamping. Proceeding straight forwards, we came up to an elephant, whose keepers were fast asleep. The sagacious animal, aware of strangers being near him, rattled his chains and set up a tremendous yell, which awoke his keepers, and gave the first alarm to the inmates of the place. The torches were now lit up at once, and the consternation of the inhabitants at the blaze may be easily anticipated. Some of Trimbuckje's men resisted our advance, and an obstinate battle ensued, which ended in their speedy destruction; others, throwing open the great doors, attempted to fly, but were cut off and killed by the English horse stationed

without : still no Trim buckje made his appearance. Nanna then led the way to the interior of the building, where we found the wives of Trim buckje, and many other females, all of whom begged for mercy, which was extended to them ; they swore, however, on being questioned, that Trim buckje had departed from them two days before. We were not to be so easily deceived. Nanna still led on, through passages and dark rooms, until we came to an iron door, which was forced open ; but Trim buckje could not be found. Nanna himself was now at a loss, but we determined on searching every hole and chamber ; and, ascending a small narrow staircase leading to a tower, we were opposed by a single man armed with a spear, who prevented our going higher. Sounds were heard from

above, as if some one was attempting to break through the wall, and we had no doubt it was Trimbuckje himself. The English officer got impatient, for every knock seemed as if it brought the object of our search nearer to freedom. The spear, however, effectually prevented our ascending, and it was so rapidly thrust down and drawn back again, that we could only see the hand that guided it at considerable intervals ; at length, one of the troopers rushed forwards, and received the point of the weapon in his breast. The man who held it having some difficulty in extricating it speedily from the trooper, whom he had transfixed, exposed his person to the view of one of the English officers, who discharged his pistol at him, and he fell dead instantly. The trooper having been removed out of

the way, we were enabled to push forward into a stone-room above, where we could see nothing but straw upon the floor, with several heaps of charcoal and firewood. Not doubting but some one lay concealed there, the officers gave orders to set fire to the straw: upon which a groan was heard from under it, and the once formidable Trim-buckje Danglia made his appearance. Finding that resistance was vain, he quietly surrendered himself. Nanna was the nearest person to him when taken, and cried out, "Trim-buckje, I am avenged—if you ever again climb into power, make your dependants your friends, and not your enemies!" The fallen man spoke not a word in reply, but suffered himself to be led down the staircase. Having joined the troops without, we went back to the village by torch-

light, and reported our success to the English resident, who considered Nanna fully entitled to the reward offered for Trim-buckje's apprehension.

I hinted to Nanna my fears that, now he was so enriched, he would leave me to journey alone to Guzerat. He appeared to feel hurt at my surmise, and said that I mistook his character greatly. Part of his reward he received down; the remainder he left in the hands of the resident, which he begged to be allowed to draw for by a bill of exchange from Guzerat, or elsewhere. He was fixed in accompanying me still, because I had saved his life, and he had promised to serve me in return; and also out of regard to his own safety, for he could not deem himself secure in the Deccan, especially when it was known that he had be-

trayed Trimbuckje to the English. This man had many adherents, and his wife would very probably urge them on to revenge. All that Nanna required me to do was, to carry some of his rupees, that he meant should be expended for our mutual benefit. I could not help expressing my admiration of his conduct to this noble spirited fellow, and declaring that I had never set my eyes on a fellow-being before who would act so kindly towards me; Trimbuckje little knew the value of the dependant he had ungratefully requited. “None of your flattery, Pandoo,” cried Nanna. “Mahrattas use it when they are most bent upon mischief; and if you continue in this strain, I shall fear you are plotting something against me.—Enough of this. Now, as to our companion Fuzl Khan; you remember his own

history of himself, and the depravity he made no bones of displaying. His inclination seemed naturally bent upon grasping what was not his own—do you think we can safely trust him?” I answered, that I feared he was an incorrigible fellow, and I had never seen him exhibit signs of amendment; but were we to dismiss him at that place, I was well aware, from his disposition, I should bitterly repent the step. I proposed taking him with us to Guzerat, his own country; where, being once more arrived, he would not evince a desire to return to the Deccan; the company of his Mahomedan friends would so occupy him, that he would quickly cease to be anxious for ours.

I could not help asking Nanna what had made him thus suddenly think of Fuzl

Khan. He told me, that on returning to the place where we put up the preceding night, he found Fuzl Khan busily ransacking his bag. He might have saved himself that trouble, as it appeared there was nothing in it, being as empty as when first made. I could not help admitting that he was an incurable knave, and hoping that he would not be quite as familiar with our bags on the road we were going. “I shall take good care of mine,” said Nanna, “for I will not leave it in his power : I abhor such pitiful practices ; and if I were to catch him doing so, he should suffer for it. If we were enemies, and he sought to overreach us that he might ruin us the more certainly, one might call him a clever fellow ; but to filch from companions and friends, is contemptible !” The conversation ended by

our both agreeing to keep a sharp look-out after his conduct.

In the morning we set out, giving Fuzl Khan to understand that Nanna only was purse-bearer, and that we had but little in the bag. "Little!" ejaculated Fuzl Khan, "come, that will not do for me. You forget I heard the reward cried for the discovery of Trimbuckje; and you have not received it? Not that I can claim any part of it; but to tell me you have got but little, that won't do, my friend."—"Why, Fuzl," said Nanna, "do you suppose I would carry five thousand rupees through the Kandeish jungles?"—"No," he replied, "I am not such a fool as that, either; but I may fairly conjecture you have a thousand at least, between you both."—"Curse the fellow," said Nanna, "he is a conjuror in reality; well,

I call one thousand rupees little enough.”—
“Do you, indeed?” said Fuzl Khan; “I do not: that’s all—a thousand rupees!”—
“Listen, my friend,” said Nanna; “whether we have one or five thousand, you will make yourself content. We shall give you your rice, and pay your travelling-expenses, and no more. By Ishwar, if I discover you peering into my bags again, I will run you through the body!”—“I peer into your bags!” said Fuzl Khan, as if surprised—I attempt to rob any one! By Allah and the twelve Imaums, it is false! It is true I looked into your bag; but it was only in search of a mouse, which I saw take shelter among your things. My rice having been devoured by these vermin, I determined on catching the first I saw. Me a thief, indeed! Recollect, I am one of the faithful—*Allah*

howul !"* We could not help laughing at the rogue's ridiculous subterfuge about the mouse. Nanna observed, "What you have told us, Fuzl, may be very true; but, recollect, the next time a mouse runs into my bag, he is safe under my protection; and you will, therefore, await my presence before you molest him."—"By all means," answered Fuzl Khan, "as it is your wish. I have no desire to be rat-catcher to the party."—"Your actions belie your speech, however," observed Nanna; "but, remember, that in travelling with us as our friend, let neither mouse nor rat tempt you to become our enemy, or you shall repent it!" Fuzl Khan made no reply, and we proceeded on our journey.

The only circumstance which gave me

* God forbid!

any regret on quitting the Deccan was, the not having time to gain any information respecting the goatherd of the glen, to whom I determined to write under cover to Shewdhut Wanee, informing him I had gone to Guzerat; but that, previous to my departure, I had learned nothing of importance to communicate to him. The first place of any note we arrived at on our journey was Nasik, from whence I despatched my letter to Indore. I trusted it to a soucar of Nasik, who promised to forward it by his own messenger. In passing through the jungles, Nanna was obliged to hire a palanquin and bearers, the fatigue being otherwise too great for him. We heard at Nasik, that Badjerao had fallen in with a part of the English troops at Ashtee; and, not being able to escape fighting this time, a

desperate battle took place, in which his general, Gokla, was killed. Badjerao, taking advantage of the confusion, as usual, decamped, closely followed by his enemies. His name was detested by the Brahmins of Nasik, as being both weak, wicked, and cowardly. Every one was glad he was defeated, but all were sorry the English were the conquerors. The capture of Trim-buckje Danglia was also known, and had given universal satisfaction.

Every thing being arranged for continuing our march, and having hired tattoos and bearers (the latter not much relishing the passage through the jungles), we set out. The bearers grumbled, and seemed to feel real alarm lest the fever should attack and carry them off on their route ; no one, according to them, had ever escaped it, and it

was going into certain destruction. They asserted also that the jungles were haunted by Bheels and tigers, and that if we valued our lives we had better not venture into them. We were deaf to all their remonstrances. On our journey, and during the very first evening, Fuzl Khan began to be alarmed, mistaking the trees for Bheels, and every solitary bush for a tiger. The first day neither Bheel, fever nor tiger arrested our progress; the second was also free from interruption, and in one day more we should have cleared this dangerous tract of country. We were congratulating ourselves in the evening at our good fortune in having got through them, or very nearly so, when we were surrounded by Bheels armed with bows and arrows, who began at once to rifle us of every thing we possessed,

making us all prisoners together, lest we should inform against them to the authorities at Guzerat. Nanna parted with his money very reluctantly. Fuzl Khan, who had nothing to lose, met his fate with the most cheerfulness. The palanquin bearers were escorted back to Nasik by the Bheels, while we were conducted to the haunts of these remorseless robbers. Why they detained us so long, and took us with them, I cannot tell, unless they imagined Nanna to be a person of rank, for whom they might obtain a ransom. Our arms were tied behind us, and we were led through the thickest part of the jungle, across ravines, and down precipices, through bog and water, until we came to a cave of extraordinary size. There one of the Bheels gave a loud whistle, and lights were seen emerg-

ing as if from the centre of the earth. A trap-door had been raised, and two tall black men appeared, to whom we were given in charge, and by whom we were thrust through the door with brutal violence, and led down stone steps to a second door, which opened into a long damp passage. "Surely," I exclaimed to Nanna, "they mean to bury us alive in this dismal hole?" Neither Nanna nor Fuzl Khan uttered a syllable in reply; terror had so overpowered all their faculties. We proceeded until we came to a second passage branching off from the main one to the right hand. Into this last we went about twenty yards, when a strong door being opened on one side of it, they forced us into a dark and damp cell, and shutting the door, left us to our reflections.

We had been in the cell about an hour, when a man opened the door, and thrust in to us some dried grain and plantains, which we eagerly devoured. Water was also given us, of which neither Nanna nor myself could partake, not knowing who might have drank out of the pot containing it. We passed a most miserable night, anxiously hoping that the coming day would restore us the blessing of liberty, for more we could not expect. The prison-door was opened early in the morning, and we were told to arise and follow our gaoler. We readily complied, and were conducted through the narrow passages, and up the stairs leading to the trap-door. At length we found ourselves in the cavern, in which twenty Bheels were assembled, before the chief of whom we were led. He called to us, and bade us approach,

and we obeyed. "Well, how like you your prison? What think you of our caverns above and below? What, silent! They are to be your apartments until death release you, without you furnish us with another thousand rupees; you may then proceed, promising not to reveal our retreat." We assured the chief we had no more money, as he must know that we were only poor travellers. "Very poor, indeed!" said the chief; "only a palanquin and a thousand rupees! Not much like poverty either!" Nanna then confessed that he had rendered the English a service, and that this money was his reward. "What was the service?" inquired the Bheel. Nanna, not knowing whether Trimbuckje was not a friend to the band, was at a loss what answer to make; until, risking every thing, he

let out the real secret. “So, then, your reward was five times greater than we discovered about your person? Down with the other four thousand, or you return to the dungeon!” Nanna said he had not got it with him. “You did not throw it away?” said the other; “you know where it is to be had?”—“No,” Nanna rejoined; “it is in the hand of the English Resident, to be drawn by bill.”—“Well, then, you must give me a bill for it, made in my favour, my good friend, before you stir a step from hence.” This was a sad blow to us all; but our lives were dearer than the treasure, and they would have been sacrificed had we refused. “This is but just,” said the chief; “for Trimbuckje would have been under our protection, which we agreed to afford him for five thousand rupees; and, as you

prevented our getting it from him, we must get it from you. Ho ! bring paper, pens, and ink. You, prisoner, frame your draft in favour of Gondia Bendage Punumchund, at sight, and I will myself be the bearer." Nanna drew the draft, and demanded to be released. "Not so fast," said the other; "you must await my return. All you have been telling me may be false; and then how foolish shall I be, not to find you here on my return ! No; you must remain, but it shall not be in your dungeon below, but in this apartment: and be careful how you attempt to escape."

I now supplicated the chief that I might be allowed to prosecute my journey, having nothing to do with the money-transaction. After some consultation, my request was granted, on promising not to

betray the Bheels to any Europeans in Guzerat. The chief now led us to comfortable chambers, not, however, remarkable for over-cleanliness. Some papers lay about on the ground, and he sat down to finish a letter. When he had done, he gave a loud whistle; an attendant answered the call, and he inquired if Sumboo was returned. A reply in the negative made him seem angry, and he petulantly thrust his papers into a box in the corner of the room, the lid of which he closed with great violence, crying, "When the tardy scoundrel comes back, tell him his delay may be attended with serious consequences. Yet, stay! I will await his return." He then paused, and, reflecting a little time, said, turning to Nanna, "When does the English Resident leave Kandeish?" — "I believe, imme-

diately," replied Nanna. He then desired that two Bheels might get ready to accompany him ; and that, if Sumboo arrived while he was absent, he should not stir from the cavern until he, the chief, came back. He next gave orders for our being strictly guarded. I reminded him of his promise to myself, that I should depart. He replied, " True :—you may go ; and the next time you pass this way, bring no money with you." I bowed in silence, and he quitted the cavern.

When we were left to ourselves, Nanna reproached me for being so anxious to depart, leaving him behind. " My dear friend," I said to him ; " who knows what may happen, if I go away ? It is possible I may be of material benefit to you, though it is hardly probable that such will be the

case. I deemed it prudent to secure the chief's consent to my departure, for this reason; but, if you don't agree in my views, I will most readily remain with you, and await the result." Nanna, convinced I had no intention of deserting him, or acting unkindly towards him, began to consider how our temporary disunion might be productive of mutual benefit. All that we could arrange was, that I should prepare some place for him at Baroda. As this was not of sufficient moment for causing a separation, the arrangement was cancelled, unless some accident should eventually render it necessary to put it in practice. This evening we enjoyed the privilege of cooking our own rice, and drawing water in our own pots, from the cavern well. The room we occupied being quite dry and comfortable,

compared with that in which we had passed the preceding night, we enjoyed a sound sleep.

Early on the following morning I awoke, my fellow-prisoners being still asleep; and, not knowing what to do for amusement until they joined me, I employed myself in examining the room in which I was, and every thing around it. There was nothing worth notice, except the box in which I had seen the Bheel fling his papers. It was of very curious workmanship, apparently formed out of the root of some species of tree, of a very hard wood. I tried the lid, which, to my great surprise, I found unfastened: the inside was lined with iron. The papers, very naturally, attracted my chief attention. These I set about examining; but they were very difficult to decypher, being ill-written, in a

most barbarous kind of Mahratta. They contained nothing of any interest to me in my present circumstances; and I was about to close the box again, when the newly-penned letter of the Bheel chief caught my eye. It seemed written with great care, and I contrived to decypher it without much difficulty. Its contents were as follow:—

“ To his highness, the all-powerful Guicowar, lord and sovereign of Guzerat, Mulharia Bheel sends his faithful brother, Sumboo, to the throne of excellence, claiming from thence the promised reward for services performed by the Bheels, whose words are sacred. For this purpose, Mulharia Naique begs his highness to consider his promises and the Bheel's services, and give to his trusty servant and relative the sum of six

thousand rupees, as agreed upon by his highness. On failure, Mulharia Naique promises his highness not a village in his dominions shall enjoy quiet for a single week together. The enraged Bheels are already dissatisfied at the money not having been paid them through the two messengers which have been already sent to demand the same. No bills will be taken; the ready-money is demanded; and, if not sent, will be collected, by force, from the villages in Guzerat.

(Signed) "MULHARIA BHEEL NAIQUE."

Upon the perusal of this insolent letter, a thought struck me, which might be productive of great advantage to us. As I was to have my liberty, could I not take it with me, and, on my arrival at Baroda, personate

Sumboo, and gain the rupees myself? I communicated this scheme to Nanna as soon as he awoke and Fuzl Khan could be got out of hearing. Nanna was as cunning as myself, and suggested the same plan, before I opened mine, as soon as he read the letter. Our only fear was, lest the chieftain, on his return, should discover the loss of the letter before Nanna could get clear off. It struck me it would be better to copy the letter; but, on reflection, this did not appear safe, as it was evident this was not the first application of the kind, and the difference in the hand-writing would be very readily seen. Nanna agreeing with me in this, we arranged that he should not lose a moment in quitting the cave, as soon as the chieftain would grant him liberty. It was very natural to suppose that the Bheel

would call for his rice after his journey: so that Nanna would be out of his reach long before the loss of the letter could be discovered. I folded it up, and directed it, imitating the writing in the inside as well as I could. Not finding any gum to close it with in the room, I determined to do that at Surat, which was the first place I should arrive at in journeying. I made a hearty meal, and then reminded the Bheels of the permission given me by their chief to depart. They demurred, and made a good deal of difficulty about it; but at length I succeeded. Before my departure, I had another conference with Nanna regarding the place of our meeting. This was to be at a durhm sallah, known to Fuzl Khan, who directed me how to find it; and, calculating the time which the Bheel chief

might take in going and returning, and the time necessary to be consumed in travelling to Baroda, we hoped to meet on the sixth day from our separation. I cautioned Nanna against inquiring for me in Baroda, in case I might not succeed; for his inquiries would only shew the people he was connected with me, and might involve him in difficulty. I gave the same caution to Fuzl Khan, who was instructed to search for me, but, on no account, to describe my person, or ask any one about me. The next thing was, how to dispose of the money, in case we should obtain it; and it was agreed I should deposit it with a banker at Baroda, giving him one per cent. for taking care of it.

I now set out and reached the opening of the cavern, when it struck me that the person of Sumboo might be known at Ba-

roda. I wished to consult Nanna upon this point, but the Bheels would not let me go back. "Well, Pandoo," thought I to myself, "you must rely upon your own wits, should any suspicion alight upon you." I was now in a hideous jungle, alone, and opposed to the two powerful enemies of man—tigers and fever, and with only a little raw rice and grain in my bag. How could I reasonably expect a fortunate issue to my business? or rather, how could I, at present, make certain of my life? In respect to Nanna and Fuzl Khan, I gave up every hope of again effecting a junction with them, or even beholding them any more! and how slight was my chance of ever seeing Sagoonah again! Thus, uneasy in mind and body, I continued to follow the track towards the main road, from which

the path to the cavern of the Bheels deviated. With some difficulty I found the right track, and, to my indescribable joy, cleared the jungles before night came on. A vast plain lay before me, and, before complete darkness set in, it was quite impossible to guess the way before me. It appeared my wisest plan to remain in the place I then was until morning: yet the heavy dews alarmed me; especially as I was hourly expecting an attack of fever, which, if it did not carry me off, might retard the objects I had in view, or delay me so long, that I should not dare to shew myself in the character of a Bheel, demanding money. It was likely Sumboo would have anticipated me; in which case detection would be certain. I went on, therefore, right or wrong, leaving it to day to discover which.

A light soon appeared: it was a most welcome sight—I proceeded at a double rate towards it. I made no doubt it was a hut, where I might find shelter; but was sadly disappointed to discover I was on the banks of a river, and that the light proceeded from the dying embers of a funeral-pile; some corpse having been just burned, according to custom.

I approached nearer the spot, and something close to the fire attracted my attention: it appeared dark, and almost shapeless. Presently I saw it move. “What can it be, that, at such an hour, hovers round the ashes of the dead?” I eagerly called out. A hoarse and hollow voice cried, “Who speaks?” It was a female, and I went up to her, saying, “Why, good woman, what can bring you here, at this

hour, to watch the dead?" She replied, "To watch the dead!" concluding with a sort of laugh: "watch the wood, you mean!"—"What, wretched creature! art thou stealing from the dead?" I exclaimed; for I perceived, by this time, that she was a low-caste Dheeria, who make a practice of picking up the half-burned pieces of wood from funeral-piles, and carrying them home to their own fire-places for domestic uses; even cooking their victuals with them. "Rob! no; I rob not the dead! The corpse has done with the wood now: here is all that remains," said she, holding up the skull; "wood won't burn that!" Here the old creature went on raking the wood together, which she tied up in a coarse cloth. "It is a rare time for us now; the cholera morbus has sent me wood from twenty fu-

neral-piles ! I have collected a stock that will last me a good time." Disgusted with the hag's remarks, I begged her to tell me where I was, and how far from any village. "Follow me !" she exclaimed, kindling a torch at the almost expired flame ; "follow me, and I will shew thee." I obeyed her, and soon saw the lights of a large village ; where, on my arrival, she directed me to a durhm sallah, into which I entered with a pleasure I cannot describe. I ate my dried grain, and some rice which I cooked ; and, laying myself down, soon fell in a profound slumber.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES,

PUBLISHED BY

GEO. B. WHITTAKER,

LONDON.

THE CAMISARD; or, the Protestants of Languedoc. A Tale. In 3 vols. 12mo. Price 21s.

FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD; or, Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life. By R. G. WALLACE, Esq., Author of "Fifteen Years in India." The Second Edition, in 3 vols., post 8vo. Price 30s.

"The Author has seen a good deal of the world, and has here given us the result of his observations in the form of little tales, written in a simple and very pleasing manner."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

RAMESES; an Egyptian Tale; with Historical Notes of the Era of the Pharaohs. In 3 vols. post 8vo. Price 30s.

The Tale of Rameses has been made the vehicle of conveying to the public an illustration of Egyptian Antiquities, and a noted epoch in its history.

"'Rameses' belongs to the class of historical novels, and is one of the most intellectual and imaginative productions of the age."—*Critical Gazette*.

MARIAMNE; an Historical Novel of Palestine. In 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

"One great merit of the writer is his strict adherence to historical truth; whilst the attractive air of romance is made to pervade the narrative. We will not anticipate the curiosity of the reader, to whom we recommend the perusal of 'Mariamne,' by transferring the interest of the story to our columns."—*Literary Gazette*.

New Works published by

CASTLE BAYNARD; or, *The Days of John.* An Historical Romance. Crown 8vo. Price 8s.

"It is evident that great attention has been paid to the manners, customs, and costume of the times. The respective characters are drawn with great discrimination—they are in perfect dramatic keeping; and many of the scenes are so disposed, as to produce a very striking effect. We hope, ere long, to find the author expatiating in a wider field."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

THE HIGHEST CASTLE AND THE LOWEST CAVE; or, *the Events of Days which are Gone.* By the Author of "*The Scrinium.*" In 3 vols. 12mo. Price 18s.

HUSBAND-HUNTING; or, *the Mother and Daughters.* A Tale of Fashionable Life. In 3 vols. 12mo. Price 21s.

"We are gratified in pronouncing the Novel before us to be a performance of a striking and attractive order. We have not indulged ourselves in any minute account of the merits of this Novel—its purity of thought—its freedom from all vulgarity of conception and language—its various description—or its accurate and animated picturing of character; those we leave for the reader's discovery and pleasure."—*Literary Gazette.*

TRUTH AND FASHION; a Sketch. By F. R——N. In 2 vols. 12mo. Price 14s.

"These are two pleasingly-written volumes; excellence of principle is inculcated in easy language. The crime and misery of life, passed away in the heartless nothings of vanity, is well pointed, and Truth holds up the glass to Fashion severely, but justly."—*Literary Gazette.*

STANMORE; or, *the Monk and the Merchant's Widow.* A Novel. By SOPHIA REEVE. In 3 vols. 12mo. Price 18s.

THE WRITER'S CLERK; or, *the Humours of the Scottish Metropolis.* In 3 vols. 12mo. Price 21s.

Geo. B. Whittaker.

OUR VILLAGE: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author of "Julian," a Tragedy. Second Edition, post 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. boards.

"Miss Mitford's elegant little volume is just in unison with the time; it is a gallery of pictures, landscapes, fresh, glowing, and entirely English; portraits, likenesses we doubt not, all simply but sweetly coloured: in short, a book to make us forget the hurry, the bustle, the noise around, in the leaves, tall old trees, and rich meadows of her delightful Village."—*Literary Gazette*.

"This is an engaging volume, full of feeling, spirit, and vivacity; and the descriptions of rural scenery and rural life are vivid and glowing."—*New Monthly Mag.*

"These 'Sketches,' we are of opinion, will, ere long, be extremely popular; for they are highly-finished ones, and evince infinite taste, judgment, and feeling. They are somewhat in the manner of *Geoffrey Crayon*; but, to our liking, are far more interesting."—*Examiner*.

"The Sketches of Country Scenery, in which this volume abounds, have such a convincing air of locality; the human figures interspersed among them are touched in such a laughter-loving good-humoured spirit of caricature, innocent yet pungent withal, that we scarcely know a more agreeable portfolio of trifles for the amusement of an idle hour."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 61.

THE HERMIT IN ITALY; or, Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. Price 18s. boards.

SCENES AND THOUGHTS. Post 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. boards.

"Snatch from oblivion each passing hour,
And note each rising thought."

"The *Scenes* in this volume are highly descriptive, and the *Thoughts* are sensible and correct. The author, throughout, displays a most amiable feeling, and is an eloquent

New Works published by Geo. B. Whittaker.

advocate in the cause of morality. The articles are on well-selected subjects, and are altogether of a domestic nature."

—*Literary Chron.*

"This little volume is written both in good language and with good feeling, and may safely be placed in the hands of young people."—*Literary Gaz.*

TALES OF ARDENNES. By S. and D. CONWAY.
In post 8vo. Price 8s.

"The language of these Tales is graceful, and many of the descriptions are poetical."—*Literary Gaz.*

TALES OF OLD MR. JEFFERSON of *Gray's Inn*, collected by YOUNG MR. JEFFERSON of *Lyon's Inn*.
In three vols. 12mo. Price 22s. 6d.

THE PICTURES; and THE BETROTHING;
Novels translated from the German of LEWIS TIECK.
Post 8vo. price 9s.

"The Tales before us are well translated, and deserve translation,—and there is sufficiency of observation to induce the reader of the first page to end with the last."
—*Literary Gaz.*

ALICE ALLAN; THE COUNTRY TOWN, &c.
By ALEXANDER WILSON. Post 8vo. Price 8s. 6d. boards.

HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS; or, Tales of the Road-Side picked up in the French Provinces. By a WALKING GENTLEMAN. Fourth Edition. In two vols. post 8vo. Price 14s. boards.

"There is a great deal of vivacity and humour, as well as pathos, in these Stories; and they are told with a power of national character-painting, that could have only resulted from long residence in France, and from habits of social intimacy with the unsophisticated and country-part of the French community, with whom the English traveller seldom gives himself the trouble of getting acquainted."—*New Monthly Mag.*

PANDURANG
HÀRÌ.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. I.

Price 24s. Bds.

PANDURANG
HÀRÌ.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. I.

Price 24s. Bds.

PANDURANG
HÀRÌ.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. II.

Price 24s. Bds.

PANDURANG
HÀRÌ.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. II.

Price 24s. Bds.

PANDURANG
HÀRÌ.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. III.

Price 24s. Bds.

PANDURANG
HÀRÌ.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. III.

Price 24s. Bds.

PANDURANG
HART

PANDURANG
HART

IN THREE VOLS.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. I.

VOL. I.

THE END

THE END

PANDURANG
HART

PANDURANG
HART

IN THREE VOLS.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. II.

VOL. II.

THE END

THE END

PANDURANG
HART

PANDURANG
HART

IN THREE VOLS.
VOL. III.

THE END

THE END

Hockley, W. B.,

Pandurang Hàri or Memoirs of a Hindoo

Bd.: 2

London (1826)

P.o.angl. 273 h-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748038-1